POEMS
ON
Several Occaſions.
WITH
ANNE BOLEYN
TO
King HENRY VIII.
AN
EPISTLE.

Pone, Perilla, metum; tantummodo fœmina nulla,
Neve vir, à ſcriptis diſcat amare tuis. Ovid.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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POEMS

ON

Several Occaſions.

APOLLO and *DAPHNE.*

From the Firſt Book of

OVID's *METAMORPHOSIS.*

Primus amor Phœbi Daphne Peneia—

THY firſt belov'd was the *Theſſalian* Fair,
O *Phœbus!* not from Chance thy am'rous Care,
But from Revenge of thy Co-Rival ſprung,
With thy Succeſs, and thy Reproaches ſtung.
For when the God, who late the Serpent ſlew,
Saw the young Archer bend the ſtubborn Yew,
Fond Boy! he ſaid, thoſe manly Arms forbear,
Arms which are only fit for me to wear.

Th'unerring Wounds we gave the Monster show
Our Hand can never err against a Foe:
See! *Python*, far-extended on the Plain,
Who by innumerable Wounds lies slain;
Then with thy Torch content vain Fires to light,
Forbear those Arrows, nor invade my Right.
Then *Venus'* Son: Thy Bow may never err,
But mine shall conquer thee, the Conqueror:
As far as Brutes beneath a Pow'r Divine,
So far thy Glory shall be less than mine.

This scarcely said, he shakes his painted Wings,
And to *Parnassus'* shady Summit springs.
There from his Quivers pointed Store selects
Two diff'rent Darts, as diff'rent in Effects;
For banish'd Love with hasty Speed retires
Before the one, the other Love inspires:
That Love inspires is sharp, and Gold the Head;
The other Reed is tipp'd with blunted Lead.
Daphne with this he wounds; the other Dart
Pierc'd *Phœbus'* Breast, and rankled in his Heart.
He loves; the Name of Love she, bashful, hates,
And thee, unwed *Diana!* imitates:
In shady Woods delights her Charms to hide;
Her Hair, neglected, in a Ribbon ty'd,
The Spoils of Savage Beasts dependent at her Side.
Her many woe'd; averse from all she flys,
Impatient of a Lord, and all denies:
Free, thro' the unfrequented Woods she goes;
What Love or Hymen are, nor cares, nor knows.
Her Father oft a Son-in-law desires:
Her Father Grandsons oft of her requires.
The Name of Marriage, which as Guilt she dreads,
Her lovely Face with modest Blushes spreads;
And hanging on his Neck; O! grant, she said,
Dear Father! I may ever be a Maid:
Diana's Father did to her consent.
He yields indeed: But, O! that Form was meant,
Thy Virgin Wish, fair Votress! to prevent.

Apollo loves, what he deſires believes;
And with his Oracles himſelf deceives:
As ſmoaky Stubble does to Aſhes turn,
With Wanderer's nightly Fires as Thickets burn;
The am'rous God conſumes in ſecret Fires,
And feeds with barren Hopes his vain Deſires.
Looſe on her Neck he ſees her artleſs Hair;
And cries, how this might be improved with Care?
Her Hands, her Arms expos'd to View admires,
Her Eyes, which emulate celeſtial Fires:
He ſees her ruby Lips each other touch,
And, envious, thinks their Happineſs too much.
At his Approach ſhe flies, as ſwift as Wind,
The God and his Intreaties left behind.
Stay, Nymph! he cries, nor fear me as a Foe;
The tim'rous Hind ſprings from the Lion ſo:
So from the Eagle flies the trembling Dove;
They from their Fate, miſtaken you from Love.
Ah! thou may'ſt fall; or on the cruel Thorn,
And I the Cauſe! thy tender Limbs be torn:
The Ways are rugged whither you repair;
Ah! moderate thy Speed, attend my Pray'r,
More ſlow I'll follow thee. Yet ſtay and know,
That 'tis no Mountain Swain purſues you now;
No rugged Herdſman. Ignorant you fly;
Jove is my Father, I, the World's great Eye:
I *Delphi*, *Tenedos*, and *Claros* ſway,
My Pow'r the *Patarean* Realms obey;
And Future, Paſt, and Preſent I ſurvey.
Harmonious Notes to flowing Verſe I join:
Sure is my Dart, but one more ſure than mine,
Which made thoſe Wounds; for which no Cure I know,
Tho' I'm the great Phyſician call'd below.
To me, tho' Med'cine it's Invention owes,
And mine is ev'ry potent Plant that grows,
Alas! no Plant a Lover's Wound can heal;
And Arts which others aid their Maſter fail.
More he had ſaid, but his imperfect Pray'r
And him, ſhe, tim'rous, leaves: the obvious Air
Waves her light Robes, and fans her flowing Hair.

Her Flight does her neglected Charms improve;
Charms that increas'd the God's impatient Love:
No more he bears his Flatteries to loose,
But now, by Love's Advice, her Steps pursues.
The Hare and Greyhound represent the Strife,
When he contends for Prey, and she for Life:
He seems to seize her now, untouch'd she glides,
And following Fate with doubling Turns avoids.
The God and Maid so in the Chace appear;
He borrows Speed from Hope, and She from Fear:
At length the God prevails, and onward springs,
Close at her Back, for Love had lent him Wings;
Allows no respite to the fainting Maid,
But, panting, fan'd her Hair, that on her Shoulders play'd.
She, spent with Toil, her Father's Help implores,
And anxious looks upon his distant Shores:
Assist, if Deities in Streams reside,
She pray'd, or thou, O Mother Earth! divide;
Or you, ye Pow'rs! to rescue me from Shame,
Destroy my Figure whence the Danger came.
Scarce said, her Limbs with Faintness now oppress,
The rising Bark invades her tender Breast;
To Leaves her graceful Length of Tresses grows,
And now her Arms extend to verdant Boughs:
Her Foot, of late so swift, now downward shoots,
For ever motionless in lazy Roots.

Nor cou'd this wondr'ous Change destructive prove
To *Daphne*'s Beauty, or *Appollo*'s Love.
Beneath the Bole, still warm with vital Heat,
He felt her Heart with trembling Motion beat:
Then in the Wood embrac'd the latent Maid;
The modest Wood from his Embraces fled.
Then *Phœbus*. Since my Bride thou can'st not be,
Yet, Laurel! thou shalt be my fav'rite Tree;
My Hair, my Quiver, and my Harp adorn;
Thou shalt by valiant Conquerors be worn,
Who mount the Capitol in solemn State,
While joyful Songs upon their Triumphs wait.

Do thou protect, on either Side the Oak,
Augustus' Palace from the Thunder's Stroak:
And as my Head is crown'd with flowing Hair,
So shall thy Leaves perpetual Verdure wear.

He ends: The grateful Laurel this allows,
And for her Head her leavey Crown she bows.

Imitation of HORACE, Lib. II. Ode 10.

Rectius Vives Licini——

FONDLY, my Friend! does proud Ambition soar,
And Danger tempt with an unwearied Flight:
Fondly does Fear still keep the humble Shore,
Whom whistling Winds and beating Surges fright.

Whoever wisely keeps the golden Mean,
Nor he to smoaky Cottages retires,
Nor he in envy'd Palaces is seen:
Too low he sinks not, nor too high aspires.

But oh! whatever's great, whatever's high,
The loftiest Turret and the stoutest Oak,
The Mountain Tops, which seem to touch the Sky,
Are most obnoxious to the Thunder's Stroak.

The Mind which Constancy for Fate prepares,
Which knows how wav'ring Fortune loves to range;
In adverse hopes, and in successful Fears:
For stormy Seasons oft to milder change.

Ills cannot ever last: *Apollo* so
Oft mixes with the Muses tuneful Choir;
Returning from the Chace, unbends his Bow,
And with swift Fingers strikes the golden Lyre.

In adverse Chance resolv'd and bold appear;
And so thou best may'st stem the Tide of Fate:
Lower thy Sail when there's no Danger near,
And prosp'rous Gales upon thy Voyage wait.

CLAUDIAN's *Old Man of* Verona.

Felix qui propriis ævum transegit in arvis.

HAPPY the Man, whom prudent Wishes bound,
Within the streight Inclosure of his Ground.
Who, ancient, leaning on his Staff's Support,
Reviews the grateful Scene of infant Sport:
Then, with his Mansion's Age, computes his own,
And tells the Circles whirling Years have run.
The busy World he shuns, nor loves to roam;
Nor weary makes a foreign Clime his Home.
Nor he the stormy Winds or Waves does fear;
Nor he the dreadful Sound of horrid War:
The noisy Courts are all to him unknown;
To him, who never saw the neighb'ring Town.
No Change of Consuls troubles his Repose;
The Spring by Flow'rs, by Fruit he Autumn knows:
The Sun, whom his paternal Fences bound,
Rises and sets within his little Ground.
He does *Verona* and *Benacus'* Lake,
For the *Red-Sea* and distant *India* take.
Yet, firm in Age, a long Descent he sees;
And, chearful, visits his coæval Trees;
Others, rough Seas, and foreign Countries see;
How few so long, so blest a Life as he!

Translation

Translation of HORACE, Lib. I. Ode 23.

YOUNG *Cloe* flies me, as a Fawn
That seeks her Mother o'er the Lawn:
Who trembles as she hears
The Wind that in the Branches plays,
The Lizards rustling in the Sprays;
And pants with thrilling Fears.

Not as the crafty Tigress prowls,
Not as the hungry Lion growls,
Do I thy Footsteps trace:
Thy tim'rous Soul then undeceive,
'Tis Time thy Mother now to leave;
A Lover gives thee Chase.

Imitation of HORACE, Lib. IV. Ode 7.

Diffugere Nives———

I.

THE Snows are gone: Again the Ground,
Again the Trees with chearful Green are crown'd;
The Nymphs who haunt the lofty Woods,
Or bath themselves in murm'ring Floods,
In Dances with the Graces join:
To tempt the Rigour of the Air.
All Nature does in this great Truth combine,
Enjoy the present Hour, for that alone is thine.

II. The

II.

The circling Seaſons of the Year
A fix'd Succeſſion know.
The Winter does to Spring give way,
Nor long delightful Spring can ſtay;
And fruitful Summer does decay:
Next, bounteous Autumn does his Wealth beſtow,
Laſt, Winter crown'd with Snow,
Returns, unwelcome and ſevere.
The waning Moons their leſſen'd Horns reſtore:
But Man once diſappears, and comes no more.
Say, cou'd *Æneas'* Piety, or Pray'rs,
One Moment add to his determin'd Years.
Cou'd Strength preſerve unconquer'd *Tullus'* Breath?
Cou'd wealthy *Anens* bribe impartial Death?
Who now in dull Obſcurity is laid,
Or mould'ring Aſhes, or a wand'ring Shade.

III.

To-morrow you expect in vain,
And thence wou'd future Pleaſures date:
Who knows, my Friend! if there remain
To-morrow in the Stores of Fate?
What on yourſelf you do beſtow,
You from your greedy Heir will ſave:
This melancholy Truth too ſoon you'll know,
That nor your Wit, nor noble Race,
Nor Piety, nor winning Grace,
Will e're retrieve you from the Grave.
Nor thee, *Hippolytus!* *Diana's* Care
Cou'd e're reſtore to breath celeſtial Air:
And *Theſeus'* Strength was try'd in vain
To break *Perithous'* Adamantine Chain,

Imitation

III.

Imitation of HORACE, Lib. II. Ode 3.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem———

I.

WHY thus dejected? can you hope a Cure
In mourning Ills which you endure?
Without Redress you grieve:
A melancholy Thought may sour
The Pleasures of the present Hour,
But never can the Past retrieve.
Who knows if more remain for Fate to give?
Unerring Death alike on all attends;
Alike our Hopes and Fears destroys:
Alike one silent Period ends.
All our repining Griefs and our insulting Joys.

II.

Not thy Expence, nor thy Physicians Skill
Can guard thee from the Stroak of Fate:
Thou yield'st to some imaginary Ill
Thy very Fears of Death create.
With the fantastick Spleen oppress'd,
With Vapours wilder Indolence possess'd,
Thy stagnant Blood forgets to roll,
And Fate attacks thee from thy inward Soul,
Vain is Resistance, let's retreat
To some remote, some rural Seat;
Where on the Grass reclin'd we may,
Make ev'ry Day an Holy-day:
Where all to our Delights combine,
With Friendship, Wit, and chearful Wine.

III.

Where the tall Poplar and aſpiring Pine
Their hoſpitable Branches twine:
Among their Roots a ſilver Current ſtrays,
Which wand'ring here and there, its Courſe delays,
And in *Maanders* forms its winding Ways.
Perfumes, and Wine, and Roſes bring!
The ſhort-liv'd Treaſures of the Spring!
While Wealth can give, or Youth can uſe,
While that can purchaſe, this excuſe,
Let's live the preſent Now!
'Tis all the fatal Sifters may allow.
Tho' thou ſhould'ſt purchaſe an immenſe Eſtate,
Tho' the clear Mirror of the rolling Tide
Reflect thy *Villa*'s riſing Pride,
And Foreſt ſhading either ſide;
Yet muſt thou yield to Fate:
To theſe ſhall thy unthankful Heir ſucceed;
And waſte the heapy Treaſures of the Dead.

IV.

Nor ſhall it aid thee then to trace
Thy Anceſtors beyond the *Norman* Race:
Death, the great Leveller of all Degrees,
Does on Mankind without Diſtinction ſeize.
Undaunted Guards attend in vain
The mighty Tyrant to repel;
Nor does his Cruelty diſdain
The lab'ring Hind and weary Swain,
Who in obſcure Oblivion dwell.
When from the fated Urn the Lot is caſt,
The Doom irrevocable paſt,
Still on the Brink the ſhiv'ring Ghoſts wou'd ſtay;
Imperious Fate brooks no Delay;
The Steerſman calls, away! away!

The

The Complaint of DAMON.

From Virgil.

Pastorum Musam———

SAD *Damon's* and *Alphesibens'* Muse,
At whose Complaint the Herds their Food refuse;
The spotted Pards their Song attentive hear,
And flowing Waves their wonted Course forbear:
I sing the mournful Swain, and his ill-fated Care.
The Shades of Night were scarce dispell'd by Day,
The Morning Dew still on the Herbage lay;
Against a slender Olive *Damon* lean'd,
And thus of *Nisa's* Perjuries complain'd.
Rise, *Lucifer!* bring on the rosy Morn;
And hear my last Complaints for *Nisa's* scorn:
Gods! I invoke you with my latest Breath,
Tho' vain my Pray'rs, tho' unreveng'd my Death.
Begin, my Muse! begin with me to sute
Menalian Numbers to the breathing Flute.
Fair *Menalus* has Pines and vocal Groves,
Where Eccho still repeats the Shepherds Loves:
There *Pan* himself, to sooth his love-sick Mind,
The idle Reeds in gradual Order join'd.
Begin———

Mopsus weds *Nisa:* What shall Lovers fear
When this unequal Match forbids Despair?
Now Gryphons join with Mares; and Time shall bring
The Hound and Doe together to the Spring.
Blest *Mopsus* hast! the nuptial Torch prepare,
And to thy Home conduct the willing Fair:
Thy Nuts among the sportive Children throw;
Hesper for thee descends from *Oeta's* Brow.
Begin———

O worthy Choice! For this with nice Diſdain
Didſt thou refuſe the Love of ev'ry Swain?
For this didſt thou my Pipe and Lamb-kins ſcorn,
My ſhaggy Eye-brows, and my Beard unſhorn?
Think'ſt thou the Gods neglect a Lover's Pray'r?
Or wretched Mortals plac'd beneath their Care?
Begin———

Your early Charms in youthful Bloom I found,
You came to gather Apples in our Ground:
And ſtill your Choice I to the faireſt led,
Humid with pearly Dew, and ſtreak'd with glowing Red.
I then the thirteenth Summer did attain;
Scarce cou'd my Arms the loweſt Branches gain:
Loſt in my fatal Error, ah! how ſoon
I ſaw and periſh'd, lov'd and was undone!
Begin———

I know thee, Love! I know thy ſavage Race,
Nurs'd in the *Lybian* Waſtes, or Wilds of *Thrace:*
No Marks of Tenderneſs in thee we find,
Which might pronounce thee ſprung of human-kind.
Begin———

The Rage of ſlighted Love thy Hands embru'd,
Inhuman Mother! in thy Infant's Blood:
Which was more cruel? Cruel Mother thou!
More cruel Love, who taught to ſtrike the Blow;
Begin———

The Wolf from the purſuing Lamb ſhall haſte;
And ſtubborn Oaks with golden Fruit be grac'd:
The Yellow Daffadil on Alders grow;
From humble Brakes tranſparent Amber flow.
Owls vye with Swans; and let the rudeſt Swain
His jarring Notes compare to *Orpheus'* Strain:
Commanding Savages, like him, in Woods,
Or, like *Arion*, Dolphins on the Floods.
Begin———

Or let th'incroaching Sea the Land invade:
Adieu, ye Woods! and flouriſh green your Shade!
A Rock there is, from whoſe impendent Steep,
Deſp'rate I'll plunge into the foaming Deep:
Unfaithful Maid! this mournful Verſe receive;
The laſt your dying Lover er'e ſhall give.
Forbear, my Muſe! no longer ſhalt thou ſute
Menalian Numbers to the breathing Flute.

On Mr. CONGREVE's *Plays and Poems.*

CONGREVE! the juſteſt Glory of our Age!
The whole *Menander* of the *Engliſh* Stage!
Thy Comic Muſe, in each complete Deſign,
Does manly Senſe and ſprightly Wit combine.
And ſure the Theatre was meant a School,
To laſh the Vicious, and expoſe the Fool:
The wilful Fool, whoſe Wit is always ſhown
To hit another's Fault, and miſs his own,
Laughs at himſelf, when by thy Skill expreſt;
And always in his Neighbour find the Teſt.
A Fame from vulgar Characters to raiſe
Is ev'ry Poet's Labour, and his Praiſe:
They, fearful, coaſt; while you forſake the Shore,
And undiſcover'd Worlds of Wit explore,
Enrich the Scene with Characters unknown,
There plant your Colonies, and fix your Throne.
Let *Maskwell's* Treacheries, and *Touchwood's* Rage,
Let rugged *Ben*, and *Foreſight's* tim'rous Age,
And *Heartwell's* ſullen Paſſion grace the Stage:
Then let Half-Criticks veil their idle ſpight,
For he knows beſt to rail who worſt can write,

Let juster Satire now employ their Pen,
To tax the Vicious on the World's great Scene;
There the Reformer's Praise the Poet shares,
And boldly lashes whom the Zealot spares.

Ye *British* Fair! Cou'd your bright Eyes refuse
A pitying Tear to grace his Tragic Muse?
Can gen'rous *Osmyn* sigh beneath his Chain,
Or the distress'd *Almeria* weep in vain?
A kindly Pity ev'ry Breast must move,
For injur'd Virtue, or for suff'ring Love.
The Nymphs adorn *Bastova's* sacred Tomb;
And mourn the lov'd *Amyntas'* short-liv'd Bloom:
The Learn'd admire the Poet, when he flies
To trace the *Theban* Swan amid the cloudless Skies.
When he translates, still faithful to the Sense,
He copies, and improves each Excellence.
Or when he teaches how the Rich and Great,
And all but deathless Wit must yield to Fate:
Or when he sings the Courser's rapid Speed;
Or Virtue's loftier Praise, and more immoral Deed.
Each various Grace conspires t'adorn his Song;
As *Horace* easy, and as *Pindar* strong:
Pindar, who long like Oracles ador'd
In rev'rend Darkness, now to Light restor'd
Shall stamp thy current Wit, and seal thy Fame's Record.

An EPISTLE.

'TIS tasteless all! I wish that I was hurl'd
By some kind Tempest to a calmer World!
To those blest Isles, in ancient Song renown'd,
Where with eternal Spring the smiling Year is crown'd.
Where Nature's Bounty and the wealthy Soil,
Enrich the Rustics, and excuse their Toil:

Each grateful Fruit the loaded Trees produce;
The gen'rous Wine beſtows a nobler Juice.
No Miſers there amaſs an uſeleſs Store,
Curs'd with the Knowledge of a fatal Ore:
All there are equal, all are there content,
And all are free, for all are innocent.
Such Man was made, and had continued ſtill,
Wou'd he have liv'd in Ignorance of Ill:
But he too ſoon forſook that peaceful Life,
From wicked Knowledge ſprung domeſtick Strife,
The Wife deceives the Man, the Man upbraids the Wife.
Hence endleſs Feuds and hateful Diſcords grow;
And ſtill, like Streams, they widen as they flow.
Teach me, who from this odious World wou'd run,
Where moſt are Wicked, or by ſuch undone,
This Scene of Guilt and Wretchedneſs to ſhun.

Teach you! There's no Place free, there's no Retreat
Where Innocence can hope to fix her Seat.
Shou'd you, like Hermits, in a narrow Cell,
Break your ſhort Slumbers by the Midnight Bell;
By niggard Meaſure bound your ſcanted Food,
Drink the chill Waters of the icey Flood,
And for your chiefeſt Dainties ſearch the Wood.
Think you that reſtleſs Thoughts you can exclude?
That anxious Care will fly your Solitude?

Methinks you tell me this; and 'tis too true:
For who can fly when following Cares purſue?
Our ſpeedy Diſcontents outſtrip the Mind;
What Fugitive can leave himſelf behind?
But I repeat what you much better know:
What the old Sabine taught ſo long ago.
His chearful Page conſumes the Winter's Day,
And waſtes the nightly Taper's paler Ray:
By his inſtructive Lines my Spleen is eas'd,
And I grow wiſer as I grow more pleas'd.
For he alone thoſe Depths of Wit could reach
Which form the Poet to delight and teach.

Ecce Homo. An ODE.

I.

SEE! how the sanguine Streams run down,
And bathe his heav'nly Face with Gore:
Those sacred Streams, whose inexhausted Store
A World of Sin must drown.
With Thorns his wounded Temples crown'd,
With dropping Blood are hung around:
Those Drops which our lost Whiteness must restore.
See! how the regal Purple glows;
Vain Insult of tyrannic Pride!
See! how, with nobler Purple dy'd,
His furrow'd Sides the livid Stripes disclose.
Those livid Stripes, with virtuous Smart,
A Cure to our Disease impart.
See! in his Hand, whose Fate of old,
The dying Patriarch to his Sons foretold,
For *Juda*'s Sceptre, for the awful Rod
Of high Command, an useless Bulrush nod.

II.

In vain the *Romans* threats the *Jews* deride;
Nor know their King in his diminish'd State:
How distant from our Hopes, they cry'd,
Is this Deliv'rer, long reserv'd by Fate?
Behold the Man!—O! yet behold!
And gaze till Tears have made you blind,
Those Sorrows never to be told,
That silent Grief, that Air resign'd:
How he appeals, with up-cast Eyes,
To his great Father, and his native Skies.
In ev'ry Feature, ev'ry Line,
The Characters unalter'd shine
Of Goodness and of Love divine.

'Twas

'Twas only Love Divine that cou'd sustain
This cruel agonizing Pain:
Th' eternal Word in human Flesh array'd,
The Maker thus redeem'd whom he had made;
And for lost Man th' inestimable Ransom pay'd.

III.

Wretch! can'st thou think on this, and yet not feel
The thorny Wreath, the biting Steel,
Which pierc'd his Hands and Feet, and gor'd his tender Side?
For thee he bled, for thee he dy'd:
All this for ruin'd Man he bore,
And open'd heav'nly Mercy's boundless Store.
Can'st thou, by him redeem'd, deny
For him to bleed, for him to dy?
O thou who singly can'st for all suffice!
Our reconciling Priests! our spotless Sacrifice!
Thou, the great Father's Coeternal Son!
Whose ever-during Being with no Time begun.
Propitious God! thy gracious Aid impart
To crucify this sinful Heart,
Transfix'd, like thine, with sympathizing Smart.
Forbid it, Lord! that I untouch'd should be
With Suffrings from myself transferr'd on Thee.

IV.

And what, alas! can I bestow?
My Eyes! bid all your Fountains flow!
Too mean, alas! the watry Show'r!
My Veins! your purple Torrents pour!
Unequal all to what I owe!
No! tho' in gushing Tears dissolve my Brain,
And Life, exhausted, ebb at ev'ry Vein,
Nor cou'd the gushing Tears prevail
That Inundation of my Eyes!
Nor what my bleeding Veins supply,
To wash away the guilty Dye:
The Ocean there itself wou'd fail.
Tho' mine is all the Guilt and thine the Pain,
Thy sacred Blood alone can purify the Stain.

To a young Lady.

AS *Persians* on the gleamy Skies
Gaze, and adore the Sun's Uprise;
So we on young *Panthea's* Eyes.
A blooming Beauty's Morning Ray
Did ne're presage a fairer Day:
As bright as *June*, as fresh as *May*.
But as parch'd Eastern Shepherds run
Beneath refreshing Shades, to shun
The Fervors of the Mid-day Sun.
Our Youth shou'd fly the fatal Sight;
Those Eyes, intolerably bright,
Dart scorching Fires, and dazleing Light.

The Age of Wonders.

A Morning Darkness does the World surround;
In Chains of Ice the rolling Tide is bound:
See! streaming Meteors hover o're our Heads;
And from its hollow Bed the Stream recedes.
While Portents fill the Heav'n, the Wave, the Air,
Earth has out-match'd them all; a wedded Pair
To *Dunmow* went, and claim'd their Bacon there.

To

To my Brother at St. John's *College in* Cambridge.

BLEST be the Man, who first the Method found
In Absence to discourse, and paint a Sound!
This Praise old *Greece* to *Tyrian Cadmus* gives;
And still the Author by th' Invention lives:
Still may he live, and justly famous be,
Whose Art assists me to converse with thee!
All Day I pensive sit, but not alone;
And have the best Companions when I've none:
I read great *Tully*'s Page, and wond'ring find
The heav'nly Doctrine of th' immortal Mind;
An Axiom first by Parent Nature taught,
An inborn Truth, which proves itself by Thought.
But when the Sun declines the Task I change,
And round the Walls and antick Turrets range;
From hence a vary'd Scene delights the Eyes,
See! here *Augusta*'s massive Temples rise,
Their Meads extend, and Hills support the Skies;
See! there the Ships, an anchor'd Forest ride,
And either *India*'s Wealth enrich the Tide.

Thrice happy you, in Learning's other Seat!
No noisy Guards disturb your blest Retreat:
Where, to your Cell retir'd, you know to choose
The wisest Author, or the sweetest Muse.
Let useful Toil employ the busy Light,
And steal a restless Portion from the Night;
With Thirst of Knowledge wake before the Day,
Prevent the Sun, and chide his tardy Ray:
When chearful Larks their early Anthem sing,
And op'ning Winds refreshing Odors bring;
When from the Hills you see the Morning rise,
As fresh as *Lansdown*'s Cheeks, and bright as *Windham*'s Eyes.

But

But when you leave your Books, as all muſt find
Some Eaſe requir'd t'indulge the lab'ring Mind;
With ſuch Companions mix, ſuch Friendſhips make,
As not to chooſe what you muſt ſoon forſake:
Mark well thy Choice; let Modeſty, and Truth,
And conſtant Induſtry adorn the Youth.
In Books good Subjects for Diſcourſe are found;
Such be thy Talk when friendly Tea goes round:
Mirth more than Wine the drooping Spirits chears,
Revives our Hopes, and diſſipates our Fears;
From *Circe's* Cup, immeaſur'd Wine, refrain,
Start backward, and reject th' untaſted Bane.

Perhaps to neighb'ring Shades you now repair,
To look abroad and taſte the ſcented Air:
Survey the uſeful Labours of the Swain,
The tedded Graſs, and Sheaves of ripen'd Grain;
The loaded Trees with bluſhing Apples grac'd,
Or hardy Pears, which ſcorn the wintry Blaſt.
Or ſee the ſturdy Hinds from Harveſt come,
To waſte the ſetting Suns in rural Mirth at home.
Now on the Banks of Silver *Cam* you ſtray;
While thro' the twiſted Boughs the Sun-Beams play,
And the clear Stream reflects the trembling Ray.

Think, when you tread the venerable Shade,
Here *Cowley* ſung, and tuneful *Prior* play'd.
O! wou'd the Muſe thy youthful Breaſt inſpire
With charming Raptures and Poetick Fire!
Then thou might'ſt ſing, (who better claims thy Lays?)
A tributary Strain to *O*———'s Praiſe:
Thy humble Verſe from him ſhall Fame derive,
And grac'd with *H*———'s Name for ever live.
Firſt ſing the Man in conſtant Temper found,
Unmov'd when Fortune ſmil'd, undaunted when ſhe frown'd.
A Mind above Rewards, ſerenely great,
And equal to the Province of the State:
Thence let thy Muſe to private Life deſcend,
Nor in the Patriot's Labours loſe the Friend.

Written

Written in a Book of Novels.

METHINKS that reading theſe Romances
Is juſt like dancing Country Dances:
All in the ſame dull Meaſures move,
Adventures brave and conſtant Love;
Each Pair in formal Order tread
The Steps their Predeceſſors led.

To a Gentleman in Love.

SAY, in what gentle Sounds, what healing Strain,
The friendly Muſe ſhall ſooth the wounded Swain?
Thy ſelf, the Muſes Servant, beſt may know
To mourn in moving Verſe the latent Woe:
Such Verſe where Fear and humble Paſſion ſpeak,
Where crowding Thoughts in ſoft Confuſion break,
With falt'ring Eloquence the Fair might move,
Tho' cold as Northern Snows to mutual Love.
Tho' that perhaps thou haſt in vain eſſay'd:
The Muſe, at beſt, is but a faithleſs Aid;
So Princes by Auxiliars are betray'd.
Lonely thou wander'ſt where the ſounding Stones
Of *Balliol*'s Walls return thy hollow Groans;
Or where *Severus*' Work deſcribes the Bound
Of *Roman* Conqueſts on the *Britiſh* Ground.
The ruin'd Pile ſtood threatning o're the Waſte;
Prodigious Monument of Greatneſs paſt!
Hither perhaps the penſive Lover goes,
To ſhun his chearful Friends, and ſpeak his Woes.
How art thou chang'd? Thou! who wert always known,
With modeſt Wit our temp'rate Mirth to crown.

What?

What? Cannot Politicks and deep Debate
What menaces the Church, or shakes the State,
How great *Eugenius* clouds the waning Moon,
What *Spain* intends, or they who drink the *Rhone*,
From thy unquiet Breast these Cares remove?
This 'tis, unhappy Youth! to be in Love.

Or when thy jocund Friends the Board surround,
With rural Stores and native Liquors crown'd,
Such as the *British* Swains, industrious, drain,
From blushing Apples, or the bearded Grain;
The love-sick Youth discovers his Surprize,
By faded Cheeks and unregarding Eyes:
By rising Sighs which heave his struggling Breast,
And wand'ring Speech with sudden Pause suppress.
All smile; and some with friendly Anger chide,
Some pity thy Distress, but most deride:
While you sit by, with careless Head reclin'd,
The only Fair employs your absent Mind.
We by your Doctrines may perhaps improve;
For we, alas! are Hereticks in Love:
We may with Vows of Constancy make bold;
But you *de Jure* love——to have and hold.

Amantum langur & silentium
Arguit, & latere
Petitus imo spiritus.
Hor. Epod.

To Mrs. ELIZABETH BLACKLER, *playing on the Harpsichord.*

ODE

I.

WHILE our charm'd Eyes with Wonder gaze
On her, whose Beauty is her meanest Praise,

What

What ſudden Harmony of Sound!
Deſcending Heav'n is all around!
Some unſeen Pow'r! it can be only ſuch,
No mortal Touch
Can with ſuch Rapture ſtrike the Mind:
Such heav'nly Awe with Pleaſure join'd.
See! ev'ry Faculty with Tranſport fill'd:
The active Blood forgets its Courſe,
Flows back, and trembles at its Source;
And ev'ry heaving Pulſe is ſtill'd.
See! ev'ry Senſe in ſweet Oblivion lye;
And Thought admits a Pauſe in Ecſtaſy.

II.

See! how the trembling Strings her Hand obey:
'Tis ſhe! 'tis ſhe who deals around
The magick Properties of Sound;
The vary'd Paſſions own her pow'rful Sway.
Corroding Grief! and gloomy Care!
Black Melancholy! wild Deſpair!
Far from this chearful Scene be gone,
Back to your diſmal, hateful Cell:
There fix your arbitrary Throne,
Where Darkneſs and Confuſion dwell.
Before the Pow'r of Harmony
The vanquiſh'd *Dæmons* wing their Flight,
To ſpacious Realms of genuine Night;
There plunge their ſullen Heads and murm'ring lye.
While new-born Joys around impart
A quicker Pulſe to ev'ry Heart;
And bid the buſy Spirits flow,
Diffuſing Life and Gladneſs as they go:
When ſprightly Meaſures break the Trance,
And Motion now renews her interrupted Dance.

III.

What Praiſe is thine, harmonious Maid?
What Thanks for all thy Wonders ſhall be pay'd?
Yet what the Siſter-Art can give
Diſdain not, Faireſt! to receive:

The Sister-Art can save from Death
The Pow'r of skilful Hands and tuneful Breath.
Forbear, ambitious Muse! forbear;
Nor with rude Transport interrupt her Strain:
She strikes the vocal Strings again,
And Praise itself becomes Detraction here.
See! the Musicians of the Sky
Descending fill the shining Air;
And see! they hover o're the Fair,
And hang, with silent Rapture, on her Harmony.
Her Harmony, which well may show
To all above, as well as all below,
That what was Art before is Inspiration now.

On an unknown generous Person.

'TIS Virtue to the highest Pitch to raise,
At once to merit, and decline the Praise:
While conscious inward Joy and deep Delight
Approve the Doer, and the Deed requite.
Tho' modest Worth its own Desert may wrong,
Yet ev'n from Silence he demands a Tongue,
Who like dispensing Providence bestows;
The Good confers, concealing the Dispose:
So oft descending Pow'rs, in Mists array'd,
Veil'd the bright Glory with impervious Shade.

Written by Lady JANE GREY, *when Priſoner in the* Tower, *with her Pin on her Chamber Wall.*

Non aliena putes homini quæ obtingere poſſunt
Sors hodierna mihi, cras erit illa tibi.

ENGLISHD.

Let no Diſtreſs be foreign to your Mind
That may but poſſibly befall Mankind:
My Lot To-day, To-morrow you may find.

The PORTRAIT.

Votiva pateat veluti deſcripta tabellâ
Vita——— ——— ——— ———Hor.

ON what wou'd I my Wiſhes fix?
'Tis not upon a Coach and Six:
'Tis not your rich Brocades to wear;
'Tis not on Brilliants in my Ear.
'Tis not to hurry up and down
To *Tunbridge*, *Epſom*, *Kenſington*;
Much leſs to rub my wakeful Eyes
At *Baſſet*, till the Sun ſhou'd riſe:
Had I a Foe I meant to curſe,
Nay Rival, I'd not wiſh her worſe.
For once, to tell you what's the Lot
I like, I've told you what 'tis not;
A lazy Life I firſt wou'd chooſe,
A lazy Life beſt ſuites the Muſe:
A few choice Books of ev'ry Sort;
But none that meddle with the Court.

Small Thoughts for Cloaths; 'tis all a Caſe:
They'll neither mend nor ſpoil my Face.
Money! Enough to ſerve my Ends:
An Hackney to go ſee my Friends;
That I may laugh if Fops paſs by,
And they not know my Livery.
Friends that in any Dreſs wou'd come;
To whom I'd always be at home:
My Table ſtill ſhou'd cover'd be,
On this Side Books, on that Bohea;
While we ſip on, and ne're debate
Matters of Scandal, or of State.
For *Horace* tells us, as you know,
'Tis ſweet to fool it *a propos.*

Dulce eſt deſipere in loco. Hor.

On a Lady of Quality, ſaying SPENSER *wrote broad* Scotch.

THEE, *Spenſer!* emulous of *Homer*'s Fame,
With zealous Pride the rival Nations claim:
Thy Reſidence *Ierne*'s wintry Iſle,
England thy Birth, and *Scotia* claims thy Stile.

BUCHANANUS *ad* NEÆRAM.

ILLA mihi toties præſenti dura Neæra,
Me, quoties abſum, ſemper abeſſe dolet:
Non deſiderio noſtri, non mœret amore,
Sed ſe non noſtro poſſe dolore ſyni.

IMITATED.

Tho' present I can only move
Relentless Hate, or rig'rous Scorn,
The Fair, insensible to Love,
Does kindly for my Absence mourn.
Does Pity come to my Relief?
Is Love triumphant o're Disdain?
No! 'tis to her the Cause of Grief
That she no more enjoys my Pain.

PASTORAL.

In Memory of Mrs. ELIZABETH BLACKLER, 1717.

MOURN, Shepherds! mourn the fair *Eliza* dead,
And all that's sweet and lovely with her fled:
Ye Streams! ye Banks! ye Plains their Sighs restore,
And join to mourn *Eliza* now no more.

For her the Heav'ns were fill'd with dire Presage
Of battling Winds, and dreadful Thunder's Rage:
Descending Rills increas'd the troubled Floods,
And the Serene grew black with bellying Clouds;
From their riv'n Sides the wavy Lightning broke,
Blaz'd all around, nor spar'd the sacred Oak.
Impetuous Rains and rising Torrents spoil
The delug'd Fields, and mock the Reaper's Toil:
The Hinds, with wild Affrights, run trembling home,
Thro' the redoubled Horrors of the Gloom.
How oft the tim'rous Nymphs with female Cries
Invok'd the Pow'rs? How oft with streaming Eyes?
But what had they for Innocence to fear,
Or think the frowning Heav'ns shou'd menace her?
And now with unavailing Sighs they mourn,
And watch the lov'd *Eliza*'s sacred Urn:

Weeping they ſit upon the faded Moſs,
And tell the ſad Preſages of their Loſs.
Ye Streams! ye Banks! ye Plains! their Sighs reſtore;
And join to mourn *Eliza* now no more.

Unpitying Fate! they cry, cou'd none be found
But her, ſo lovely, ſo belov'd, to wound?
In whom all Sweetneſſes at once combin'd,
To grace her Perſon, and adorn her Mind.
Muſt we no more ſurvey her heav'nly Face?
No more with mixt Delight and Wonder gaze?
Muſt we no more the ſetting Suns prolong,
Charm'd with her artful Notes and tuneful Song?
No more her beauteous Form ſhall bleſs our Sight;
Clos'd are thoſe Eyes, and ſleep in endleſs Night:
Thoſe Hands are motionleſs, that Voice is mute;
And Silence beſt does with our Sorrow ſuit.
Ceaſe then, ye Nymphs! your loud Complaints, and ſhow
The dumb, majeſtic Pomp of ſpeechleſs Woe;
Let ſtealing Sighs alone her Fate deplore:
Ye Streams! ye Banks! ye Plains! our Sighs reſtore;
And join to mourn *Eliza* now no more.

See! all around contagious Sorrow ſpreads;
The drooping Flow'rs decline upon their Beds:
See! how the Roſe, with waſting Grief decay'd,
Drops all her tender Leaves, and haſtes to fade;
See! how the Lilies ſhed their Virgin Bloom,
And only live to dreſs *Eliza's* Tomb.
Yet thoſe by Winter pinch'd, or chang'd with Rain,
Renew their Beings, and revive again:
Why then muſt Life, frail Nature's nobleſt Boaſt,
For once expiring be for ever loſt?
For her, the Woods afford a trembling Sound;
For her, ſad Eccho anſwers from the Ground:
For her, the Wind in hollow Accents roars;
For her, the Currents murmur on their Shores.
The Streams, the Banks, the Plains, our Sighs reſtore;
And join to mourn *Eliza* now no more.

Sad

Sad *Philomel*, forgetful of her Wrong,
For loſt *Eliza* tunes her mournful Song:
For her the Linnet and the ſighing Dove
With ſoft complaining fill the vocal Grove.
For chearful Notes, a plaintive Air they ſing;
And droop the Head, and hang the heavy Wing:
All wild they range amid the lonely Wood;
Thoughtleſs of Love; and careleſs of their Food.
Ye Groves! ye Bow'rs! ye Grots! their Sighs reſtore;
And join to mourn *Eliza* now no more.

See! how the Shepherds, ſtruck with deep Deſpair,
Stand ſtupid, and neglect their fleecy Care:
To her no more they now ſhall ſing and play,
But ſigh, and throw their broken Reeds away.
The pining Flocks attend their Maſter's Moan,
And with ſoft bleating anſwer Groan for Groan:
Penſive they ſtray, and ſcorn the full Repaſte;
Nor thirſty, deign the cryſtal Stream to taſte.
Ye Hills! ye Dales! ye Lawns! the Sighs reſtore;
And join to mourn *Eliza* now no more.

Mourn, all ye healing Springs! where-e're you glide:
Mourn, all ye Nymphs! who o're theſe Springs preſide:
And ye, delightful Groves! which us'd to ſhade
The Silver Fountain, wither now, and fade.
No more the Fair your flow'ry Side ſhall preſs;
No more the Fair ſhall haunt your ſweet Receſs:
No more amid the beauteous Train advance,
And, all excelling, lead the graceful Dance.
No longer here ſhall Joy and Pleaſure dwell,
But ſtreaming Tears the troubled Currents ſwell:
The Springs, the Meads, the Shades, our Sighs reſtore;
And join to mourn *Eliza* now no more.

Let all the Sons of Muſic join, to ſhow
The mingled Pow'rs of Harmony and Woe:
Such as of old when *Thracian Orpheus* try'd
The Fates relented, and reſtor'd the Bride.

Begin!

Begin! your Art may ſpeak your deep Deſpair;
But never, never can redeem the Fair.
Let harſh, diſcordant Strings a Senſe impart
Of ſharpeſt Grief, and thrill the wounded Heart:
In diſtant Sounds the dying Notes prolong;
And with ſad Pauſes interrupt the Song.
Ye Streams! ye Banks! ye Plains! the Sounds reſtore;
And join to mourn *Eliza* now no more.

Ye hateful Tow'rs! where lov'd *Eliza* fell;
Who all your ſavage Cruelties can tell?
How oft have you conceal'd the horrid Scene
Of Death and Murther, in your guilty Den?
Did we to you, to you entruſt the Fair?
Thus do you guard, and thus reſtore your Care?
Relentleſs you your Charge will ever keep,
Where * rival Queens and beauteous *Dudley* ſleep.
There reſt alike the Guilty and the Juſt,
While only Virtue triumphs in the Duſt.
This Crime with late, repentant Grief atone;
Let living Sorrow touch the ſenſeleſs Stone:
Thou †, *Julian* Mole! our hollow Sighs reſtore;
And join to mourn *Eliza* now no more.

The Muſe alone this Privilege can claim,
Among the Stars to fix a deathleſs Name:
She rais'd of old to thoſe divine Abodes
Whom Arts or Virtues equal'd with the Gods.
She can afar deſcry, with piercing Eyes,
Eliza, gliding thro' the open Skies:
Point out the radiant Stream that gilds her Way;
And lambent Glories which around her play.
And you, to whom your bounteous Stars impart
The Love of ſacred Lays and *Phœbus'* Art!
With rev'rend Awe attend; and liſten well
To what the Prieſteſs of the Muſe ſhall tell.

---

* *Mrs.* B. *was buried near* Henry VIIIth's *Wives, and, as is ſuppoſed, near Lady* Jane Grey.

† *The white Tower.*

When

When on that Day, moſt gladſom of the Year,
On which *Cecilia* marks the Calendar,
With emulating Skill the Saint you grace,
Let lov'd *Eliza* hold the ſecond Place:
So ſhall her Fame Life's haſty Date prolong,
In ſpight of Death's fell Rage, and Time's injurious Wrong,
And ever flouriſh, ever live, in never-dying Song.

MARY, *Queen of* Scots, *Farewel to* Buxton.

Buxtona, quæ calidis celebrabere nomine lymphis,
Forte mihi poſthac non adeunda, vale.

On the foregoing Lines.

BUXTON! whoſe healing Spring, ſalubrious Flood,
The royal Mother of the *Scottiſh* Blood
Deign'd celebrate in Verſe, to be her Theme,
Shall make thee rival *Aganippe's* Stream.

My own EPITAPH.

Falſly this wounded Stone pretends to ſhow
The Inmate of the ſilent Cell below:
'Tis not that Being, rational, combin'd
Of finer Clay, and the celeſtial Mind,
But mould'ring Duſt to its firſt Bed reſign'd.
Thou ſacred, plaſtic Pow'r! whoſe Book contains
Our number'd Fibres, our minuteſt Veins!
Theſe Atoms, in ſucceſſive Changes toſt,
Thro' ev'ry Element diſpers'd and loſt,
Again from ev'ry Element ſhall come,
When thy dread Summons calls them from the Tomb;
Again the priſtine Structure ſhall complete,
And wait their Doom at thy deciſive Seat.

Then

Then grant these mortal Optics firmer Ray,
May thee, the Source of Light immense! survey.
Complete thy chosen Blest, and this Desire
Which holy Hope and stedfast Faith inspire,
To join my Voice to thy immortal Choir.

An Accidental Discovery.

A BALLAD.

Tune of, *'Twas when the Seas were roaring.*

——*'Amor omnibus idem.* Virg.

'TWAS when the Morn was breaking
With gloomy Streaks of Day;
And Birds their Nests forsaking
Began their early Lay:
A Maiden lay reclining
Upon her downy Bed;
And at her Fate repining,
With rising Sighs she said.

Five Weeks are gone and over
Since Sleep betray'd my Ease;
Since I became a Lover,
Yet know not my Disease:
Nine Nights this hov'ring Shadow
Disturb'd my peaceful Dreams;
Now ranging o're the Meadow,
Now wand'ring near the Streams.

O Sleep! with Fate conspiring
Why art thou call'd in vain,

Then

By

By all thy [illegible] requiring,
  Relief of [illegible]re and Pain?
O Fate! to [illegible]ow thy Pow'r,
  Why ha[illegible] thou thus decreed,
Far from my native Bow'r
  My roving Steps to lead?

Where *Isis'* am'rous River
  Flows with her *Tame* combin'd,
To where th[illegible]*nt* and *Wever*,
  Th[illegible]ents wind.
Fond Mortals can foretelling
  Whate're the Stars ordain;
Al[illegible] those Stars compelling
  Make all Resistance vain.

In Youth when freshly blooming
  Untouch'd with Cares of Love,
Or what my Fate foredooming
  My riper Years might prove:
When once with sifted Embers
  I silent strow'd the Ground,
Too well my Mind remembers
  What Letters there were found.

In *London's* gallant City
  My Love was often sought;
Where I gentile and pretty,
  Tho' brown, was always thought:
The Slaves of my Ambition
  That pine for my Disdain,
Wou'd smile at my Condition,
  To love a rural Swain.

No! tho' the am'rous Squire
  With Rage my Scorn pursues,
I slighted his Desire,
  A Country Youth to choose:
Such Flames like Wildfire wasting,
  But short and smoaky prove,

Those

Thoſe Joys are only laſting
That dwell with equal Love.

In lonely Woods when roving
He ſeeks a meaner Game,
I feel, too vainly loving,
How certain he can aim.
One Comfort I diſcover,
Grant, Heav'n! it prove not vain;
The fond diſtruſtful Lover
Relents an equal Pain.

When Sighs his Words ſuppreſſing
Reveal'd his tim'rous Flame,
A riſing Bluſh confeſſing
Betray'd my Love and Shame.——
With louder Sighs awaking
Her Miſtreſs heard her Moan;
And ſooth'd her Griefs, partaking
The Cares ſhe once had known.

PASTORAL. *On a rural Amour.*

TELL me, O! tell me, why with cold Diſdain
You ſcorn the Paſſion of an artleſs Swain?
Why now with haughty Charms and conſcious Pride,
You frown ſevere, and turn your Head aſide?
Perhaps my Form and Courtſhip rude are thought;
Love is not unſincere becauſe untaught.
Far from your Town, and diſtant from Reſort,
In Woods has been my Buſineſs and my Sport:
Yet Love, if pleaſing Tales may be believ'd
From antient Bards to liſt'ning Youth deriv'd,
Has in the ſhady Foreſt's dark Retreat
Compos'd his Bow'r, and fix'd his rural Seat.

They say the Mother and the Queen of Love
Forsook the starry Skies, and chose to rove,
And trace a fav'rite Shepherd thro' the Grove.
And some good Gentry in our Town, 'tis said,
Have met their Lovers in the neighb'ring Glade:
Not that I close Intrigues to Light would bring,
But you perhaps have heard of such a Thing:
By these Examples warn'd, fair Maid! remove
That Pride that is the Obstacle of Love.
This Form, the Object you so much despise,
Our Country Maids beheld with other Eyes:
With envious Care and rival Art they strove
Who first should gain, and longest keep my Love.
I lov'd, or thought I lov'd; what Youth could choose?
So fairly proffer'd, how could I refuse?
But then no Pain, no anxious Care I knew;
That future Triumph was reserv'd for you.
You may remember, I remember well,
And still my Thoughts on that lov'd Image dwell,
'Twas when the Earth had welcom'd jolly *May*,
Beneath an Oak upon the Sands I lay,
And with my Hook deceiv'd the finny Prey.
Careless I lay, for then my only Care
Was o're the Lawns to course the tim'rous Hare;
Or to disperse the missive Deaths in Air.
With youthful Pride and vain Delight I knew,
How my strong Arm cou'd bend the stubborn Yew;
But when you came, I to my Grief confest
A surer Marksman that had pierc'd my Breast.
You came, and chose that Oak for your Retreat,
Where I was shelter'd from the Noon-tyde Heat:
Your shining Hat was with a Ribbon ty'd,
And but adorn'd the Charms it seem'd to hide,
With modest Gayety and decent Pride.
You sate, and on my sportive Labours smil'd:
While I the Fish, the Fisher you beguil'd;
'Twas from that fatal Day the Source arose
Of all my Griefs, the Date of all my Woes;
I'll call it so, unless you should relent,
And prove it blest and happy by th' Event.

How oft, at your Approach, my faded Cheek
Betray'd the Paſſion which I durſt not ſpeak?
Aw'd by your Eyes, how oft the Accents hung
And dy'd imperfect on my falt'ring Tongue?
By Day, the Woodland Solitudes I ſought,
To hide my Paſſion, and indulge my Thought:
By Night, upon the Ground my Limbs I ſpread,
And on the moſſy Roots repos'd my Head.
My alter'd Eyes roll'd wild with gloomy Care;
And Doubt increaſing, ended in Deſpair:
My loveſick Heart no longer cou'd maintain
Its vital Functions, or ſupport its Pain.
'Twas then you came, by kind Compaſſion mov'd,
With Looks which bid me hope to be belov'd.
Why are you chang'd? while I am ſtill the ſame,
While Life ſhall feed the inexhauſted Flame:
While your dear Image in my tortur'd Breaſt,
Diſturbs my haunted Dreams and broken Reſt;
I madly from purſuing Love would run,
And bear about the Torments which I ſhun.
So ſtrive the feather'd Tribes in vain to fly
The Fowler's certain Arm and conſtant Eye:
While on extended Pinions they forſake
The ſhelt'ring Thicket, or the ſedgy Lake,
Dang'rous their Flight, nor leſs unſafe their Stay,
Fate, ſwifter-wing'd, o'ertakes their mounting Way.

ARIETTE.

Set by Mr. THOMAS ROSEINGRAVE.

HARK, *Lucinda!* to the wooing,
Murm'ring Turtles am'rous cooing,
Shelly Grotts their Loves rebound:
Streams along the Pebles trilling,
Hearts with trembling Pleaſure filling,
Sweetly anſwer to the Sound.

Twiſted

Twiſted Boughs above combining,
Loving Joy around them twining,
Guard thee with a mingled Shade:
Purple Vi'lets, bluſhing Roſes,
Od'rous Flow'rs in various Poſies,
Dreſs thy Boſom and thy Head.

See! their tender Beings flying!
Quickly fading, quickly dying!
Beauty ne're was fram'd to laſt:
Let the Lover once adviſe thee,
To improve the Good that flies thee;
Soon, ah! ſoon the Seaſon's paſt.

Air with hollow Tempeſts ſwelling,
Gathering Clouds a Storm foretelling,
Shrowd in Night the faireſt Day:
Springing Beauty, gayly blooming,
Sees not lowry Winter's coming,
To *December* change her *May*.

On LISETTA.

LISETTA, full of coquette Airs,
For fluttering Coxcombs lays her Snares:
But, view that gloſſy White and Red,
The Birdlime is too coarſely ſpread.

On loving once and loving often.

ONCE loving is a gen'ral Fashion,
To Nature 'tis a Tribute paid:
But, loving often shews that Passion
Despises Reason's feeble Aid.

Against CHANCE *and* FATE.

'TIS not wild *Chance*, or arbitrary *Fate*,
Fond Man! that guides thy fluctuating State:
Poor Reason yields in vain her feeble Aid,
Alike by each fantastick Scheme betray'd.
Cou'd wand'ring Atoms, in their casual Fall,
Compose the Fabric of this wond'rous Ball,
Are Modes of Matter capable of Thought,
With Act reflex, and clear Ideas fraught?
Then well may *Chance* in endless Mazes run,
And rule the System which it first begun.
But see! the Earth with useful Plenty bless'd,
The Plants of vegetable Life possess'd;
Observe by Beasts, in ev'ry Species, shown
A dubious Reason which we blush to own:
Then thou, whose boasted Power can all controul,
Consult the native Dictates of thy Soul;
And if thou there discern the Maker's Hand,
Confess his Care, resign to his Command,
Others, as vain, to human Acts apply
A fatal Series and Necessity:
And think that Choice, which we imagine free,
Was predetermin'd by severe Decree.

Why

Why then muſt Man, of Liberty debarr'd,
Or ſuffer Puniſhment, or meet Reward?
Whence ſprings the Difference of Good and Ill,
Our Deed conſtrain'd, and over-rul'd our Will?
Muſt we the Guilt of fancy'd Freedom bear?
Why is our blinded Reaſon forc'd to err?
Does this conſiſt with Rules by Juſtice taught,
That Pow'r ſhou'd puniſh which compell'd the Fault?
Thus vainly in the jangling Schools engage
Fond *Epicurus* and the * *Cyprian* Sage:
Till Heav'n the interpoſing Curtain draws,
A World created, and ſuperior Cauſe
Now ſtand reveal'd; and in his Works is ſhown,
Who long was ſought in vain, a God unknown.
From whence this conſequential Syſtem flows,
The whole ſubſiſting by his ſole Diſpoſe:
That his eternal Wiſdom does diſpenſe
The various Bounties of his Providence.
To thee, O Man! a reas'ning Soul is giv'n,
Form'd to be happy, capable of Heav'n;
Thy Act is free, and unconſtrain'd thy Will,
In Good inſtructed, and forewarn'd of Ill:
And hence that Puniſhment, deſerv'd and due,
To thoſe who know the Good, the Worſt purſue.
Perplex'd and weary'd in the tedious Chace,
Reaſon thus far a Providence may trace:
Here ſhe muſt reſt; nor can her dazzled Sight
Pierce the bright Regions of eternal Light.
How does it mock her Labour, to explain
How we from *Adam*'s Crime derive a Stain?
How can her Force a proper Victim ſhow
Our Guilt to expiate, and avert our Woe?
How in one Perſon, tho' not mix'd, are join'd
The human Nature and eternal Mind?
How he who was e're Time in Time had Birth,
Uncircumſcrib'd by Heav'n inhabits Earth?

---

* *Zeno.*

Whose sacred Blood, by impious Fury spilt,
Man's greatest Crime, atones Man's greatest Guilt.
Canst thou, who hast with Subtilty defin'd
The closest Operations of the Mind,
Canst thou, I say, with like Discernment trace
Th' effective Influence of celestial Grace?
Canst thou distinguish, with acutest Skill,
How the bless'd Spirit leads thy proper Will?
Then, feeble Reason! thy Pursuit must cease:
Implore the God of Knowledge, Truth, and Peace,
To teach that Rebel Folly we call Wit,
That 'tis her noblest Conquest to submit.
Vain Man, whom Pride and Obstinacy sway,
Persists disputing when he should obey:
To Terms of Honour giv'n he scorns to yield;
And strives, tho' vanquish'd, to maintain the Field.
Here end thy Search; and fix thy lasting Trust
On the most wise, most pow'rful, and most just.

In Memory of the Countess of Winchelsea.

——*Effugiunt avidos carmina sola rogos.* Ovid.

SAD *Cypress* and the Muses Tree
Shall shade *Ardelia*'s sacred Urn:
These with her Fame and Fate agree,
And ever live, and ever mourn.

While ev'ry Muse with vocal Breath
In moving Strains recites her Praise:
And there assumes the *Cypress* Wreath,
And on her Tomb resigns the Bays.

What Pow'r shall aid the Virgin Choir
To make her Worth and Virtue known?
Who shall the Sculptor's Art inspire
To write them on the lasting Stone?

The honour'd Streams of antient Blood,
And Titles, are by Fortune given:
But to the virtuous, wise, and good,
Derives a kindred Claim from Heav'n.

Virtue, and Wit in Courts admir'd,
The shining Pattern shall diffuse:
Nor, tho' to private Life retir'd,
Are lost, but flourish with her Muse.

Of those the *Sister-Nine* shall sing,
Yet with their Voice their Verse shall pass:
And Time shall sure Destruction bring
To wounded Stone, or molten Brass.

Tho' Titles grace the stately Tomb,
Vain Monument of mortal Pride!
The Ruins of the mould'ring Dome
Its undistinguish'd Heap shall hide.

Wit, which outlasts the firmest Stone,
Shall, *Phœnix*-like, its Life prolong:
No Verse can speak her but her own,
The Spleen must be her fun'ral Song.

To a Lady lending me Heliodorus *just before her Marriage.*

SEE! Love, by scornful Nymphs esteem'd a Fault,
Here by a venerable Prelate taught:

The

The good old Man, with rigid Zeal at Strife,
Devoutly preaches up a marry'd Life.
At this th' aſſembled Synod loud exclaims,
And dooms the am'rous Fiction to the Flames:
But he, ſuch wond'rous Prevalence obtains
The fondling Offspring of an Author's Brains!
With mild Compoſure, and ſerene of Mind,
To ſave his Book, his Biſhoprick reſign'd.
He thought, perhaps, his Sermons might not bear
The nice Attention of a Lady's Ear:
Theſe Lectures, he preſum'd, might ſtand the Teſt,
Which all the World applies to Practice beſt.

Paraphraſe on AGUR's *Wiſh.*

——*Give me neither Poverty nor Riches.*

O THOU whoſe Dictates rule this penſile Ball!
Who didſt Privation into Being call!
With bounteous Grace thy Servant's Prayer allow;
Attend, propitious, to my humble Vow:
Some Comfort give, that in the bounded Space
Of human Life may chear it's fleeting Race.
Permit, great God! my happy Mean to lye
Far from indecent Want and Penury:
Reſtrain my open Hands and ready Tongue,
From impious Murmurs and injurious Wrong.
Keep me remote from Riches, and their Train
Of empty Pleaſures, inſolent and vain:
Leſt my full Soul, amid her flowing Store,
Forget at once her Maker and the Poor.
Or leſt the Fire of Youth, when I rejoice
In Wealth and Grandeur, ſilence Virtue's Voice;
Impoſe on Reaſon by a poor Pretence,
Make Vice for Wit, and Atheiſm paſs for Senſe.

Unthinking

Unthinking whence that Wit and Reason flow'd,
Can Man reflect, and then forget his God?
As thy wise Bounty has dispos'd my Fate,
Above the Vulgar, and below the Great,
To future Years proportion'd Blessings grant,
Remov'd alike from Luxury and Want:
That peaceful Wishes, and Desires suppress'd
By thy eternal Laws, may rule my Breast.
So shall the Series of my future Days
Attend thy Service, and proclaim thy Praise.

AMEN.

Reflections on the Origin of the World.

LET those who for their fancy'd Godhead trace
Thro' gen'ral Nature, or unbounded Space,
With solid Reason and Discourse explain
Th' unreal Idol of their heated Brain.
The *Atheist*'s God immers'd in Matter lies;
Refin'd and volatile, thro' Space he flies:
The *Proteus* scorns Detection or Surprize.
The System, on a vain Foundation built,
False Shame, and falser Pride, and tim'rous Guilt,
Must weakly for a wretched Safety try;
And banish, or disarm its Deity.
Fond Man! who scorns those Principles to learn
Which Faith can teach, and Reason can discern,
Ev'n unassisted Nature bids us look
On the fair Volume of her various Book;
And then enquire of *Homer*'s lofty Page,
Ulysses' Toils, or stern *Achilles*' Rage,
The *Grecian* Glories, and the *Trojan* Woes,
From the Result of scatter'd Letters rose.
If not, cou'd Chance the noblest Work produce,
For various Beauties, and for aptest Use?

Or,

Or, ſelf-exiſtent, was this wond'rous Frame
For ever, muſt it ever be the ſame?
Vain Error! by th' ambiguous *Samian* taught;
And from the boaſtful Prieſts of *Ægypt* brought:
Fram'd to ſupport th' imaginary Line
Of fabled Kings, part Heroes, part divine;
While to abſurd Exceſs Tradition run,
That twice in fartheſt *Weſt* the Day begun,
And *Eaſtern* Hills conceal'd the ſetting Sun.
But can that whole, unchang'd, eternal, laſt,
Whoſe fluid Parts to ſwift Mutation haſt?
Thro' various Forms its reſtleſs Atoms ſtray;
And what ſtill alters muſt at length decay.
Some certain Meaſure muſt to Time be giv'n,
And Motion ſerves to meaſure Time and Heav'n;
Some Point muſt be, from whence the Stars begun
Thro' circling Orbs their conſtant Courſe to run:
That Point deny'd, 'tis all Confuſion hurl'd
Thro' an eternal, uncreated World;
For if no Point be own'd in their Career
The firſt, they muſt at once be ev'ry where,
The Revolutions of their endleſs Dance,
If unbegun, nor leſſen, nor advance;
Were infinite a thouſand Years before,
A thouſand Ages hence ſhall be no more:
The Part and Whole muſt juſtly equal be;
Can this Hypotheſis with Truth agree?
Yet grave Antiquity may turn the Scale,
When captious Wit and doubtful Reaſon fail:
What old Records, what Calculations ſhow
How Nature's Face appear'd ſo long ago?
To ſum the whole in one compendious View,
The Growth of Science proves the World but new:
Or ſhe neglected lay, and unimprov'd,
By lazy Wits in Ages far remov'd.
Yet liſt'ning *Greeks* th' *Ægyptian* Tales refine;
Impreſs the Stamp, and circulate the Coin:
Thro' *Plato's* Year a fictious Cycle roll'd,
Renews th' imaginary Age of Gold.

So hard 'tis ev'n to feign what Actions lye
In that Abyſs of vaſt Eternity,
That ev'n inventive *Greece* muſt charge the Scene,
With the ſame Manners, Incidents, and Men.

But Faith aſpires to Notions more ſublime,
Diſtinguiſhing Eternity from Time:
An Attribute which he alone can claim
Who from Exiſtence takes his awful Name.

If Nature's pre-exiſtent Seeds were held
In fluid Principles and Chaos veil'd,
Why ever? why not ſooner did they riſe
To form material Worlds and liquid Skies?
For yet no Planet, by its genial Pow'r,
Matur'd the Maſs, or fix'd the natal Hour.
But if the Birth from in-born Vigour came,
Aſpiring Principles, enliv'ning Flame,
Why roſe ſo late this beauteous uſeful Frame?
Why ſlept ſo long the indigeſted Maſs?
Or *Chaos* ſtill muſt be, or never was.
Bluſh then, your univerſal *Pan* is found,
Or rarify'd to ſpace, or elſe in Matter drown'd.

Then own that God, whoſe Hand, on all impreſs'd,
Created Matter, and with Order bleſs'd:
That real Eſſence, that Almighty he,
Who cou'd command Non-entity to be.
Omniſcient Spirit! omnipreſent Mind!
Not preſs'd by Matter, nor by Space confin'd:
Who Time, which does to Man ſucceſſive flow,
Collects, and centres in eternal Now;
For infinite Duration gains no more,
Nor, Perfect, loſes what it had before.
Amazing Thought! to mortal Wit unknown,
Which ſcarce perceives the Preſent till 'tis gone:
Our Moments to ſo ſwift a Period haſt,
We only know the future and the paſt.
O fooliſh Man! by cauſeleſs Doubts miſled!
By Learning blinded, and by Wit betray'd!

Whom

Whom God from fertile Nothing late did raiſe;
Is this thy Gratitude? Is this thy Praiſe?
Lay all thy jangling Sophiſters aſide,
With verbal Gloſs and wand'ring Gueſs ſupply'd;
Ev'n * Search of Truth in Falſhood does abound,
Shews plainly how 'tis loſt, and how 'tis found.
From fond Diſputes thy ſtagger'd Reaſon raiſe,
The fair Effect proclaims the Maker's Praiſe.
Obſerve the Motions of th' ethereal Frame,
Conducted by the Sun's attractive Flame:
How in proportion'd Dance the Planets go,
Swift in Approaches, and at Diſtance ſlow;
Whom, from a Courſe direct, his Force inclines,
To him, their Centre, in elliptic Lines.
Did not the Hand that form'd them all controul
His Giant-Might, and regulate the Whole,
Prone thro' the Void the headlong Stars wou'd run,
And with the Wreck of Nature heap the Sun.
So have I ſeen, if ought Reſemblance bear
To ſuch a Ruin, when th' included Air,
By Art exhauſted, iſſues from the Glaſs,
In Shivers fall the unreſiſting Maſs.

Revolve that ſacred Book whence we receive
All we are bound to practiſe or believe:
And let impartial Reaſon yield to ſee,
How Nature's Oracles and Heav'n's agree.
Peruſe the † Sage, whoſe rev'rend Lines recite
The vacant *Chaos*, e're the Birth of Light:
How o're the Deep the brooding Spirit hung;
And nothing, ſummon'd, into Being ſprung.
Would'ſt thou the Origin of All explore?
Sincere, approach to read,——but firſt adore.
The Mind enlarges with the Subject fill'd;
And ſacred Truth is by Degrees inſtill'd:

---

* *Pere Malebranche Recherche de la Verité.* † *Moſes.*

But

But not with ſuch do theſe Inquiries ſute,
Whoſe Wit is doubting, Science, to diſpute.
God, rob'd in Pow'r majeſtic does deride
The rebel Efforts of gigantic Pride:
But with ſerene Effulgence, Grace confeſt
Of heav'nly Goodneſs, warms the humble Breaſt.

From BOETHIUS.

Qui ſe volet eſſe potentem,
Animos domet ille feroces, &c.

THE Man who does to Height of Pow'r aſpire
Muſt curb ungovern'd Rage and wild Deſire:
Nor yield his Neck, by ſhameful Paſſion broke,
In tame Submiſſion to her ſervile Yoke.
Tho' tawny *Indians* dread thy Canvaſs furl'd,
Where glowing Ocean bounds their *Eaſtern* World;
Tho' thy Command to *Thule's* utmoſt Coaſt
Extend, and Regions of eternal Froſt,
Yet what ſhall all avail thee, while within
Oppreſs'd with gloomy Cares and black Chagrin?
'Tis vain, alas! thro' foreign Climes to roam
In Search of Empire, when 'tis loſt at home.

Paraphraſe on the Nicene Creed.

IN thee, great God! my Soul ſecurely reſts;
This Faith my Heart receives, my Mouth atteſts.

In thee! bleſs'd Father! the ſuperior Cauſe
Whence ev'n Exiſtence its Exiſtence draws:
Of all that in the Sphere of Matter rolls,
Of Minds celeſtial, and unbody'd Souls.

In thee! by Nature Two, in Perſon One,
Anointed Saviour! his coæval Son:
Unmade, begot from that eternal Source;
E're Time or Matter roll'd their deſtin'd Courſe;
As Light by Light diffus'd expands its Flame,
The Ray diſtinct, the Subſtance ſtill the ſame.
Unmade, begot, the Verity that flow'd
From Verity primæval, God of God!
One in his great Exiſtence, at whoſe Call
Emerg'd the ſtarry Heav'ns and earthly Ball.
For us didſt thou deſcend, and deign below
To ſuffer, and relieve thy Creature's Woe.
Thou! whom, o'reſhaded by th' Almighty Pow'r
Of the bleſs'd Spirit, thy Virgin Mother bore
Inviolate: Our earthly Mold was thine;
The human Nature veiling the divine.
Thou, doom'd by *Pilate* to a ſervile Death,
Didſt on the Croſs reſign thy weary Breath:
The peaceful Tomb, that univerſal Reſt
Of Nature's Toil, receiv'd its ſacred Gueſt;
Till the third deſtin'd Morning, which of old
In holy Song prophetic Seers foretold.
With her from ſilent Shades didſt Thou ariſe:
Again didſt Thou aſcend thy native Skies;
The great Aſſeſſor of thy Father's Throne,
Upon his nobler Hand, propitious Son!
Thou with refulgent Majeſty ſhalt come,
When trembling Mortals wait their final Doom:
All who in Life ſhall meet the dreadful Hour;
All whom the vanquiſh'd Realms of Death reſtore
To thy Award. Thenceforth ſhalt Thou retain
The Sceptre of thy ever-during Reign.

In Thee! the Third of that eternal Trine:
The vital Spirit! *Paraclete* divine!
Who from the mighty Father and the Son
Proceed'st; with Both ador'd in Glory One.
By Thee inspir'd the antient Prophets taught
Diviner Truths, transcending human Thought.
One Church I own, by *Christ*'s first Legates built:
One sacred Font to purify from Guilt:
That Time I wait when Death shall Life restore;
That Life when Time and Death shall be no more.

To a Person who printed and mangled some Verses of mine.

AS to *Æneas*, when he went
With *Sybill* down th' obscure Descent,
His Friend *Deiphobus* appears,
With mangled Nose and shorten'd Ears:
So prun'd by thee my Verses fright,
And scare me like a murther'd Spright;
Like glaring Spectres gliding by,
Revenge! methinks, Revenge! they cry.
What to requite thee must be done?
Pray take them fairly for thy own:
As Wages now a-Days are paid,
In broken *China* to the Maid.

On Mr. POPE's Homer.

THE *Samian* Sage, whoſe venerable Breaſt
Euphorbus' tranſmigrating Soul poſſeſt,
Cou'd he revive again, wou'd joy to ſee
That *Homer's* Spirit is transfus'd to thee.

Par Nobile Fratrum.

TWO Youngſters, with the ſame Preciſeneſs taught,
When ripening Time to due Perfection brought.
Obſerve how well their Principles agree;
An *Atheiſt* This, and an *Enthuſiaſt* He.

To CATO *the Modern.*

WOULD'ST thou be *Cato?* Does thy Aim
By borrow'd Names aſpire to Fame?
Proud to revive the Stoic Rules,
To brand Mankind for Slaves and Fools:
In theſe religious, virtuous Times
Advance th' Equality of Crimes;
And only Bribery deteſt,
While Sacrilege is but a Jeſt.

Thus *Lucan* shews the World at odds,
And * *Cato* rang'd against the Gods.
But, if one may advise to try
The highest Flight of Apathy,
Undaunted act the Stoic Part;
To plant a Dagger in thy Heart,
And let the World in earnest see
How *Cato* can with you agree.

---

* *Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed Victa Catoni.* Lucan.

The Triumvirate of Poets.

BRITAIN with *Greece* and *Rome* contended long
For lofty Genius and poetic Song:
Till this *Augustan* Age with Three was blest,
To fix the Prize, and finish the Contest.
In *Addison* immortal *Virgil* reigns;
So pure his Numbers, so refin'd his Strains:
Of Nature full, with more impetuous Heat,
In *Prior Horace* shines, sublimely great.
Thy Country, *Homer!* we dispute no more;
For *Pope* has fix'd it to his native Shore.

The Praise of Astronomy, *from the first Book of* OVID's *Fasti.*

Felices animæ quibus hæc cognoscere primis,

O HAPPY Souls who first aspir'd to climb,
With glorious Cares, the heav'nly Seats sublime!

Who rais'd aloft their Head, to leave behind
The Crimes and Pleasures that debase Mankind.
Nor could the *Cyprian* Dame, or flowing Bowls,
Enerve their gen'rous Breasts, or dull their Souls:
Nor the laborious Duties of the Bar;
Nor more heroic Dangers of the War.
Nor them the Fumes of light Ambition warm'd,
Nor Glory them with painted Beauties charm'd;
Nor them sollicited the mean Desire,
That shining Dross and Golden Dust inspire:
But to our Eyes the distant Stars they brought;
And boundless *Æther* circumscrib'd in Thought.
'Tis not by *Ossa* on *Olympus* thrown,
Tho' to the Stars aspires the topmost Cone
Of *Pelion*, pil'd on both, the Skies we gain:
'Tis thus that Science can the Heav'ns obtain.

On a Death's Head.

Est illic Lethæus Amor, qui pectora sanat,
Inque suas gelidam lampadas addit aquam.

Ovid.

ON this Resemblance, where we find
A Portrait drawn for all Mankind,
Fond Lover! gaze a while, to see
What Beauty's Idol Charms shall be.
Where are the Balls that once cou'd dart
Quick Lightning thro' the wounded Heart?
The Skin, whose Teint cou'd once unite,
The glowing Red and polish'd White?
The Lip in brighter Ruby drest?
The Cheek with dimpled Smiles impress?

The riſing Front, where Beauty ſate
Thron'd in her Reſidence of State;
Which, half-diſcloſ'd and half-conceal'd,
The Hair in flowing Ringlets veil'd;
'Tis vanquiſh'd all! remains alone
This eyeleſs Scalp of naked Bone:
The vacant Orbits ſunk within;
The Jaw that offers at a Grin.
Is this the Object then that claims
The Tribute of our youthful Flames?
Muſt am'rous Hopes and fancy'd Bliſs
Too dear Deluſions! end in this?
How high does Melancholy ſwell!
Which Sighs can more than Language tell:
Till Love can only grieve or fear;
Reflect a while, then drop a Tear,
For all that's beautiful or dear.

From OWEN's *Epigrams.*

WERE now the Strife renew'd, ſo fam'd of Old,
When Beauty's Queen obtain'd the Orb of Gold,
In vain might *Venus*, or the warlike Maid,
Or practiſe Airs, or Eloquence to plead:
A modern Youth would judge with other Eyes,
And money'd *Juno* gain the ſplendid Prize.

On a POEM of the Right Honourable Lady M. W. M, in Mr. HAMMOND'S Miscellany.

WHERE Storms the Sea, and Wars infest the Shore,
Where the bleak *Euxine* and *Propontis* roar,
The *British* Muse extends thy spreading Praise;
And there for *Pierpoint* plants immortal Bays.
That *Orpheus* once cou'd draw the savage Throng
And moving Forests to attend his Song,
That *Helen*'s Eyes contending Kings cou'd fire,
That *Phaon*'s Mistress tun'd the *Doric* Lyre,
No more are Fables held: Since *Thrace* could see
The different Wonders all reviv'd in thee.

From VIRGIL.

O Felix una ante alias Priameia virgo,
Hostilem ad tumulum, Troja sub manibus altis,
Jussa mori, quæ non sortitus pertulit ullos,
Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!

O happy she alone of *Priam*'s Race!
Who, free from servile Bonds and dire Disgrace,
Beneath the Walls of ruin'd *Ilium* bled,
A Victim to th' inexorable Dead:
Exempt from hateful Lots, nor doom'd to know
The lordly Bed of a victorious Foe.

The foregoing Lines apply'd.

How hard a Fate enthrals the wretched Maid
By Tyrant Kindred barter'd and betray'd!
Whoſe Beauty, Youth, and Innocence are ſold,
For ſhining Equipage, or Heaps of Gold:
Condemn'd to drag an odious Chain for Life;
A living Victim and a captive Wife!
More happy She, and leſs ſevere her Doom,
Who falls in all the Pride of early Bloom,
And Virgin Honours dreſs her peaceful Tomb!

Occaſion'd by a Paſſage in Tully de Senectute, *relating to the Immortality of the Soul.* Si in hoc erro libenter erro, *&c.*

WHEN the foreboding Soul, with firm Preſage,
Contemns the narrow Bounds of human Age,
O'releaps the Bars which Fate and Nature place,
To fix the Limits of a ſcanted Space,
And, upward on extended Wings ſublime
Shoots thro' the vaſt Abyſs of future Time,
Secure that Heav'n in virtuous Toil beſtows
A bliſsful State, interminate Repoſe.
If 'tis an Error, if the fleeting Breath
Reſolves to Air, and diſſipates in Death:
If ſubtile Matter and the vital Fire,
Corporeal Parts, to Elements retire;
While no reflective Pow'r, ſurvives to ſhow
That Virtue meets Reward, and Vice produces Woe.
Willful I err; and with Delight I find
The kind Deluſion fortify my Mind.

For if, deceiv'd of her expected Skies,
The Soul with her material Partner dies,
Reduc'd to Nothing, No-where doom'd to go,
If waste, unpeopled Realms extend below;
Philosophizing Ghosts shall ne're upbraid
The pleasing Error to my wand'ring Shade,
From some new System of the human Frame:
From scatter'd *Atoms*, or extinguish'd Flame.
But if wise Nature's Dictates can prevail,
And weighty Reason turn the doubtful Scale,
The sure Decrees of heav'nly Justice wait
A permanent Award, and future State.

The Destruction of BABYLON.
From Isaiah, CHAP. XIII.

WHERE the tall Rock exalts his steepy Head,
In sign of dismal Rout the Banner spread:
With shrill resounding Cries, and wafted Hand,
Proclaim Destruction to the guilty Land;
Th' assembled Elders summon to the Gate,
In vain Consult to prop the sinking State.
Lo! I have charg'd the destin'd Train to come,
Select, and arm'd by my eternal Doom:
To whom my dread Revenge directs my Choice,
The martial Chiefs, who in my Pow'r rejoice.
Hark! how the distant Hills their Shouts rebound
The Voice of Nations ecchoes in the Sound:
Of congregated Nations from afar;
The Lord of Hosts himself has rang'd the War.
Ev'n from remotest Regions of the Skies,
The ruddy Confines of the Sun's Uprise,
Behold! with rapid March they pour amain;
The Lord himself conducts the vengeful Train.

He

He heav'nly Temper to their Arms supplies,
Till the devoted Land a Desert lies.
With Shrieks of Horror pierce the wounded Air!
Exalt the Voice in Accents of Despair!
The Dawn appears, the fated Morn ascends:
And sweeping Ruin from above impends.
The nervous Vigour shall desert the Arm:
Unmanly Fears the beating Heart alarm.
Incertain Terrors, ever-anxious Woe,
Keen as the Pains which teeming Mothers know,
Shall ev'ry Breast distract: With wild Amaze
And stupid Grief shall each on other gaze;
As when thro' Dead of Night projects the streaming Blaze.
The Day appears, the Day with Vengeance great,
Sacred to Wrath divine, and charg'd with Fate:
The Day when Desolation shall demand
The guilty People and the guilty Land.
The Stars shall fade, and all yon figur'd Schemes
Of fancy'd Monster-Gods recal their Beams:
Involving Night that shrowd the Lamp of Day,
When forth he issues thro' th' ethereal Way;
The Silver Moon shall veil her borrow'd Ray.
Dreadful I rise, that pale Mankind may know
Supernal Wrath, and Guilt the Source of Woe.
Then Pride shall fail; and Retribution just
Extend the haughty Tyrant in the Dust.
The scatter'd Few, what yet remains behind
Sav'd from the gen'ral Waste of human Kind,
Shall be more rare, more precious than the Store
Of Golden Talents; or the purer Ore
Of tawny *Æthiops*, on the fartheſt Shore.
The Heav'ns shall tremble thro' their liquid Space:
The solid Earth start frighted from her Base,
Roll'd thro' the Void; when he, whose Edicts sway
The heav'nly Host, shall make the dreadful Day.
As from the Dogs the Roe, with active Bound,
Springs thro' the Thicket, and evades the Wound;
As fares the Lamb, whom the forgetful Swain
Shuts from the Fold to wander o're the Plain:

So flies the fugitive, devoted Race;
Each ſeeks his rural Home, and peaceful native Place.
In vain! the Arrow ſpeeds on ſwifter Wings:
The deathful Sword a ſure Deſtruction brings.
Their Eyes ſhall ſee their tender Infants thrown,
Their Limbs all batter'd on the pointed Stone:
Their lofty Palaces the Victor's Prey;
Their captive Wives diſgraceful Force obey.
A Race inur'd to military Toil,
The hardy *Medians*, negligent of Spoil:
Chiefs who behold with undeſiring Eyes
The treaſur'd Silver and the Golden Prize.
Their forceful Bow the warlike Youth confounds,
With rapid Deaths and undiſtinguiſh'd Wounds:
Nor ſmiling Babes eſcape their ſavage Rage;
Nor knows their Eye to pity infant Age.
Thus, *Babylon!* thy wide-extended Pow'rs,
Thy peerleſs Majeſty, thy princely Tow'rs,
Unrival'd Empreſs of the *Eaſtern* World!
Shall ſink in Ruins: As whence once were hurl'd,
The blaſting Lightnings and ſulphureous Rain,
To wrap the Cities, and o'rewhelm the Plain.
While rolling Time the mortal Race ſupplies!
While various Monarchies decline and riſe,
Unhabited and waſte, on Heaps ſhall lye
Thy haughty Spires which penetrate the Sky.
No *Arab* there ſhall fix the tented Shade;
Nor o're the ruin'd Pile his Curtains ſpread:
No Shepherd there his lonely Watch ſhall keep;
Nor in the deſert Palace fold his Sheep.
The ſavage Kind alone ſhall revel there;
Portents of Earth, and Prodigies of Air:
The Bird of Night ſhall clap her grizzly Wings;
And ſhaggy Satyrs dance in antic Rings.
In poliſh'd Domes amphibious Monſters yell,
That in the Sea-encircled Iſlands dwell:
O're marble Courts ſhall ſcaly Dragons roll
Their ſpiry Volumes; and, portentous, howl.
Thus undelay'd on thy accurs'd Abode
Impend the Terrors of a vengeful God.

Hypatia

HYPATIA.

DENY'D that Fame, and rob'd of that Repose
Which Learning merits, Innocence bestows,
From that poetic Shade, th' *Elysian* Field,
That Shade at least to *Heathen* Virtue yield,
Hypatia comes: The dire, revolving Date
Of circling Years renews my cruel Fate.
Did I for this to *Plato*'s Chair succeed,
In Youth by envious Ignorance to bleed?
When neither Virtue, nor the softer Charms
Of female Grace, the Vulgar cou'd disarm,
(To Fury heighten'd by misguided Zeal,)
To future Age I made my just Appeal.
But what detested Spell my Shade cou'd raise
To suffer *L——s'* Spleen, or *Toland*'s Praise?
Above thy Rage, above thy Flatt'ry more,
The tort'ring Shells with less Regret I bore:
Alas! by thee 'tis Honour to be blam'd;
And to be prais'd by thee to be defam'd.

Severe! tho' conscious Innocence sustains
The Mind, and mean Apology disdains:
That Conduct to ambiguous Guilt belongs;
Or Souls unequal to the Weight of Wrongs.
To such her Fame wou'd inbred Virtue owe,
Whom her exalted Flight surveys below,
Unskill'd to judge, tho' forward to bestow?
Yet to th' Unbyass'd, the distinguish'd Few,
Whose clearer Judgment makes a just Review,
She turns undaunted, and submits her Cause:
Nor shrinks from Censure, nor demands Applause.
Such gen'rous Warmth true Modesty inspires,
Where servile Shame with Coward-Dread retires.

Virtue and Vice mistaken for the same;
Yet more distinct in Nature than in Name.

What cruel Laws depress the female Kind,
To humble Cares and servile Tasks confin'd?
In gilded Toys their florid Bloom to spend,
And empty Glories that in Age must end:
For am'rous Youth to spread the artful Snares;
And by their Triumphs to enlarge their Cares.
For, once engag'd in the domestic Chain,
Compare the Sorrows, and compute the Gain;
What Happiness can Servitude afford?
A Will resign'd to an imperious Lord,
Or Slave to Avarice, to Beauty blind.
Or sow'r'd with Spleen, or ranging unconfin'd.
That haughty Man, unrival'd and alone,
May boast the World of Science all his own:
As barb'rous Tyrants, to secure their Sway,
Conclude that Ignorance will best obey.
Then boldly loud, and privileg'd to rail,
As Prejudice o're Reason may prevail,
Unequal Nature is accus'd to fail.
The Theme, in keen Iambics smoothly writ,
Which was but Malice late, shall soon be Wit.

Nature in vain can Womankind inspire
With brighter Particles of active Fire,
Which to their Frame a due Proportion hold,
Refin'd by dwelling in a purer Mold,
If useless Rust must fair Endowments hide;
Or Wit, disdaining Ease, be misapply'd.
'Tis then that Wit, which Reason shou'd refine,
And disengage the Metal from the Mine,
Luxuriates, or degen'rates to Design.
Wit unemploy'd becomes a dang'rous Thing;
As Waters stagnate, and defile their Spring.
The cultivated Mind, a fertile Soil,
With rich Increase rewards the useful Toil:
But fallow left, an hateful Crop succeeds,
Of tangling Brambles, and pernicious Weeds;

'Tis

'Tis endless Labour then the Ground to clear,
And trust the doubtful Earnest of the Year.

Yet oft we hear, in Height of stupid Pride,
Some senseless Ideot curse a letter'd Bride.
Is this a Crime? for female Minds to share
The early Influence of instructive Care:
To learn from treach'rous Passions to divest
The yielding Softness of a youthful Breast;
The Heart with solid Prudence to redeem
From fond, mistaken Objects of Esteem.
To see in Fortune, when she smiles serene,
A dang'rous Syren with a fawning Mien:
But when she frowns, to scorn her vain Alarms,
Secure in Virtue's adamantine Arms.
Or to distinguish, with a stricter View,
The near Resemblance of the False and True:
Of Vice and Virtue there the Bounds to fix,
Just where their fading Colours seem to mix.

Or yet is this a Crime? By Measures just,
In figur'd Space to circumscribe the Dust:
With Ecstacy Proportion to compare,
Of streight and crooked, circular and square;
Abstracted Truths in Numbers to explain,
Or in mysterious Secrecy retain.

Or yet is this a Crime? the Mind to raise,
To follow Nature in her winding Ways:
To interdicted Knowledge to aspire,
And of the mighty Parent thus enquire.
How all that Reason points, or Sense can see,
At first began, and yet persists to be:
How, link'd in Peace, the Elements combine,
And each contributes to the great Design;
Tho' when the chymic Fires their Parts divide,
The Volatile ascend, the Gross subside.
What in her Cells the central Earth contains;
How latent Metals ripen in their Veins:

How ruder Flints the ſparkling Gem incloſe;
And how amid the Rock the Ruby glows.
From whence the Earth imbibes the humid Stores,
Which weeping Marble ouzes at its Pores:
Why juſtly ſhe renews the annual Scene,
Now white with Snow, now gay with ſpringing Green.
Whence knows th' reſluent Ocean to obey
Th' alternate Impulſe of the Lunar Ray.
What diff'rent Principles do Life beſtow
Upon the Scale of Beings here below;
Whence ſome have only to exiſt and grow.
Of theſe, why ſome upon their native Bed
Lye proſtrate; ſome to Heav'n erect their Head;
Why ſome a leavy Shade alone produce;
Why others cluſt'ring Fruit and gen'rous Juice.
Why ſome the Air with ſpicy Odors fill;
Some thro' the wounded Bark their Balm diſtill:
Whence ſome have Pow'r to ſtay the fleeting Breath;
And ſome the fatal Shafts of inſtant Death.

Or why thoſe Beings which we Brutes miſcall,
So cloſely imitate the Rational.
Howe'er that Fire that animates their Frame
May be defin'd, or whence ſoe're it came;
Which now collected, and in Bodies fix'd,
With liquid Air hereafter may be mix'd:
Yet by external Acts they ſeem endu'd
With Hatred, Love, Reſentment, Gratitude;
Almoſt the *Samian* Sage Belief might gain,
That tranſmigrating Souls their Breaſts contain.

Or how the Race of Man perceives within,
That Principle whence theſe Demands begin:
How Nature does in him to Senſe unite
A more exalted Flame, and purer Light.
Empower'd to chooſe, reject, divide, combine,
With Rays reflected on the Paſt to ſhine,
And thence the diſtant Future to divine.

Whether

Whether, diſtinct, the heav'n-born Mind controul
The headſtrong Animal, the lower Soul;
Or but a Part herſelf conduct the Whole.
Or of *Primæval* Light is ſhe a Ray,
Infus'd to guide the amicable Clay?
Or hold theſe Bodies the reluctant Mind
In Penalty of former Guilt confin'd?
Is ſhe again thro' other Forms to ſtray?
Or wait the Doom of one deciſive Day?

Yet, as ſhe may, her Forces ſhe explores,
And far above the Orb ſublunar ſoars:
She leaves the leſs'ning Earth, and upward ſprings,
On purer *Æther* to expand her Wings;
A nobler Pitch her bold Enquiries fly,
Amid the Fields of her congenial Sky.
She ſees the Lights which we accuſe to ſtray,
In meaſur'd Dance purſue their certain Way:
And thouſand Stars, which ſcarce to us appear,
With vivid Rays illuminate the Sphere;
In deepen'd Spaces, and retiring Files,
Whoſe Diſtance hence the weary Eye beguiles.
She ſees where Comets trail their fiery Hair,
Terrific Luſtre! thro' the ſhining Air:
Nor Vapours they, whoſe Levity aſpires
At *Phœbus'* Car to catch *Promethean* Fires;
But real Stars, which unextinguiſh'd burn,
Thro' larger Periods of a juſt Return.

Whether that Spirit which o're all preſides
Infus'd thro' all its equal Motions guides,
Or from the whole diſtinct, himſelf unſeen,
Conducts and regulates the vaſt Machine,
Let Heav'n decide; by Reaſon's finite View
To judge the Diff'rence, wou'd the Doubt renew:
Yet ſhe aſpires that Being to explore,
The Source of all, and, wond'ring to adore.

Shall jealous Man to Woman then deny,
In theſe Debates her Faculties to try;
And ſpend the Moments which unheeded fly?
For this muſt our unhappy Sex engage
Relentleſs Malice, and *Barbarian* Rage?
While Tyrant Cuſtom Reaſon over-awes;
And partial Humor to the World gives Laws.
Yet theſe may conſcious Innocence defy,
Approv'd to Virtue, and ſecure to dye:
No Doubt remains, that Fame ſhall then be juſt,
When Spleen and Cenſure ſhall be laid in Duſt;
That future Ages ſhall reverſe their Doom,
Nor impious Envy violate the Tomb.
For Virtue then, with native Luſtre bright,
From Time and Death receives her ſtrongeſt Light;
So when nice Art with Nature ſeems at Strife,
To animate the Canvas into Life,
The juſt Obſcure the bolder Light confines,
And ſoft'ning Shadows ſwell the glowing Lines.

If in this little Piece the Doubts concerning the ſupreme Being be thought exceptionable, or any Paſſage in it inconſiſtent with the modern Philoſophy, it muſt be conſidered that I was to adapt my Notions to the Character of an Heathen *and a* Platoniſt, *who is ſuppoſed to deliver them: Indeed as to* Comets, *I have deviated a little to follow the late Improvements of Aſtronomy.*

Hymn to the PARACLETE.

At Whitſontide, 1723.

O THOU the Third in that eternal Trine!
In individuate Unity divine!

The

Tho' me my humble Fate denies to raiſe
The votive Temple, ſacred to thy Praiſe,
Where Columns in extended Ranks retire,
And ſounding Arches eccho to the Choir,
Where in the ample Dome the central Eye
Beholds the imitated Round of Sky,
Where on the Roof the artful Colours glow,
Whoſe Height and Diſtance juſter Grace beſtow,
Where Order and Magnificence combine,
The poliſh'd Marble and the golden Mine,
Yet thine the Temple of my Breaſt ſhall be,
If purify'd and conſecrate by Thee:
Thither, ſerene, indulgent Gueſt! repair,
And fix thy bleſs'd Abode for ever there.

Whether the plaſtic Spirit Thou deſcend;
And o're my Soul thy Dove-like Wings extend:
The warring Seeds of Nature to ſubdue;
And call thy fair Creation forth anew.
Whether the Advocate by Heav'n aſſign'd,
At once to comfort and convince the Mind;
The fiery-parted Tongues, th' impetuous Wind:
Tho' bellying Clouds the ſable Skies inveſt,
And pois'nous Vapours breath the direful Peſt,
Yet thoſe before th' impetuous Wind retire,
And theſe are purg'd by thy celeſtial Fire.
Thou the chief Boon propitious Heav'n beſtows!
To whom her Force recruited Nature owes!
Diſpel the Gloom of melancholy Fear,
That all within may ſhine ſerenely clear;
Nor ſuffer Guilt, a worſe Contagion, there.

Within my Heart if Thou deſcend to dwell,
To Thee the Shrine, and to my Soul the Cell,
If thither Thou deſcend, a decent Band,
Shall all thy Graces at thy Altar ſtand:
Here Faith to Heav'n ſhall lift her Eagle Eye,
And prompt Obedience wait attentive by;
Here Penitence ſhall drop a ſilent Tear,
And holy Hope the penſive Mourner chear,

Here

Here Piety shall her Oblation bring,
Her Pray'r the Fragrance of an *Eastern* Spring:
In prostrate Adoration here shall lye,
Upon the sacred Floor, Humility.
Here awful Justice shall her Balance hold,
Where Innocence can turn the Scale with Gold:
Here heav'nly-minded Wisdom from above,
Shall to the Serpent reconcile the Dove.
Here Charity her Offspring shall embrace,
And on her Bosom lull her tender Race:
Here rev'rend Truth, and Purity of Mind,
And calm Content to Providence resign'd,
Here, arm'd with fiery Darts, shall Love divine,
A Seraph wing'd, reside; and Peace shall twine
Her everlasting Olives round thy Shrine.

My Soul, illumin'd with an heav'nly Beam,
Should slake her Thirst at thy diffusive Stream:
Then Heav'nward she shou'd wing her noble Flight,
And float upon the vast Abyss of Light;
Or, from the Chains of Sense and Matter free,
Mount on a fiery Car of Zeal to thee.
Yet this since frail Mortality denies,
To Thee she brings her humble Sacrifice:
Content, if Thou her pious Hopes inspire,
That when thy Chosen just complete thy Choir,
To Thee she then may sing, to Thee may touch the Lyre.

Ex Job, CAPITE XXVI. V. 7.

De DEO.

ILLE equidem magno Boream prætendit inani:
Et nihilo imposuit terræ libratile pondus.
Ille etiam densis constringit nubibus undas:
Nec tanto undarum disruptæ pondere nubes,

Dispo-

Diſpoſuitque adytis ſolium; penituſque remotum
Et nube, atque atro tenebrarum obvelat amictu.
Oceano fines circumdedit; uſque diei
Dum ceſſant radii, dum ceſſant ſydera noctis.
Illius ad monitum cœli intremuêre columnæ,
Attonitæ; virtute ſuâ qui dividit æquor,
Atque altê, prudens, infigit tela ſuperbis.
Mente ſuâ ſummas ornaverat ætheris arces:
Ille ſuâ dextrâ ſinuoſum flexerat * anguem.
Hæ partes operum (tamen hæc quantilla?) ſuorum,
Ecquis, Io, novit queis viribus intonat ille?

* *Zodiacum.*

From Job, CHAP. XXVI. V. 7.

Of GOD.

HE o're the ſpacious Void the *North* extends:
On nothing He the balanc'd Orb ſuſpends.
He binds the Waters in the thick'ning Clouds;
Nor burſt the Clouds beneath the weighty Floods.
He, in the deep Receſs, his Throne conceals;
And, all above, with gloomy Darkneſs veils.
The Main He limits with the ambient Shore;
Till Day and Night alternate roll no more.
The Poles of Heav'n, like Columns unremov'd,
With Horror tremble when by him reprov'd.
He, in his Strength, divides the vaſt Profound:
The Proud, in Wiſdom, deeply does He wound.
His Spirit Heav'n adorn'd; his Hand inroll'd
The bending † Serpent in a circling Fold.
Theſe of his Works are Part; a ſlender Store!
But who can know Him thund'ring in his Pow'r?

† The *Zodiac.*

Pſalmus

Psalmus XXIX.

VOS, debellatus quorum sub legibus orbis,
Hoc agite; armatâ meditatus prælia fronte,
Dux gregis ad sacram sistatur numinis aram:
Illi mactandus, cœlorum excelsa tenenti,
Qui sceptra, & rutilis invictum robur in armis,
Contulerat; tanto reddentur nomine gratæ:
Supplice corde Deo, precibusque litate pudicis:
Castaque adorandum venerentur pectora Numen.
Ille coercuerat reboantia flumina ripis:
Ille & diffissis jaculatur nubibus ignes;
Et circumfuso distrinxit littore pontum.
Vox sonat ipsa Deum; quantâ virtute potentem?
Vox sonat ipsa Deum; pro majestate Tonantem.
Vox sonat ipsa Deum; flexere cacumina cedri;
Diruptasque trabes, & fisso cortice cedros
Libanus, & Sylvis a vertice plorat ademptas,
Libanus ipse salit vitulus ceu matre relictâ:
Et nostræ cingens confinia Sirion oræ,
Rhinoceros parvo tanquam petit improba cornu.
Voce suâ sparsos Dominus modo discutit ignes:
Voce quatit Sylvas; nostræ contermina terræ,
En! trepidat saxosa Cades. Damæque fugaces
Ventris onus ponunt; flammis dumeta relucent:
Templa sonant, reboant lætum fastigia carmen.
At Pater Oceano, frustraque frementibus undis,
Insidet, æternique tenet moderamina sceptri:
Bello & pace potens, qui claros, Marte triumphos,
Qui pacis lætos populis largitur honores.

Psalmus CXXXVII.

QUâ celer Euphrates *Babylonia* jura peterrat,
Margine in irriguo dum nos consedimus amnis,
Infelix Solymê! memori stant mente dolores,
Te super, inque genas lacrymæ volvuntur inanes:
Inque salicta lyræ, lento curvamine, pendent.
At domini illudunt curis; mœstâque referri
Voce, jubent notum Solymæa per atria carmen,
O rector mundi! tu carminis hujus origo!
Barbaricâne! sacer cantabitur hymnus in ora?
O Patria! O Solyme! si saltem oblivia demant
Te, veneranda, mihi, refugat sua munera dextra:
Excidere ex animo si tu, carissima, posses,
Et lingua æternum tacito, precor, hæreat ore:
Siqua meum, sine te, prætentant gaudia pectus,
O! tandem exaudi; pœnas crudelis Idume
Pendeat ex æquo: Solymes cum debita fatis
Atra dies aderat, scelus hæc hortata, jubebat
Tecta solo æquari, sternique in pulvere turres.
At quibus infelix restas, *Babylonia* virgo,
Toe servata malis, longoque domanda dolore;
Jam prope consequitur, felixque vocabitur ultor,
Qui tibi, dro Solymê, victricia jura rependet:
Quique tuam raptim, felixque vocabitur ille,
Vel teneram prolem saxis illidet acutis.

ANNE BOLEYN *to King* HENRY VIII.

An EPISTLE.

AMID the Joys of this auſpicious Hour,
When Fame exalted and extended Pow'r,
With mingled Rays your Sov'reign Head adorn,
Permit unhappy *Anne* at leaſt to mourn:
Permit one Object to diſturb the Scene,
An injur'd Lover and a captive Queen.
That Hand which late the regal Sceptre bore,
And which, when join'd to yours, was honour'd more,
Scarce to its Task the trembling Pen conſtrains;
So much is Grief a greater Weight than Chains.

Irreſolute I ſit; alike 'tis vain
Or to ſuppreſs my Sorrows, or complain
Of Woes that Language never can contain.
What Nature moſt to Womankind endears,
Whate're the firſt and juſteſt Value bears
By univerſal Voice, demands my Tears.
With Fear my Boſom beats, and ſinks with Shame,
When the Debate is Life, and Love, and Fame.
O! how can I proceed, ſo faſt ariſe
The crowding Images, and ſtream my Eyes!

Or whence, my Liege! ſhall my Complaint begin
To move Compaſſion, or Belief to win?
When now the Series of a blameleſs Life
Is found too weak to vindicate your Wife.
To prove that Truth requir'd by your Command,
Let all my Actions be ſeverely ſcan'd:
To you my Virtue makes a bold Appeal;
Cou'd or your Greatneſs, or your Pow'r prevail?

Or cou'd your Perſon, grac'd above Compare
With manly Beauty, and an awful Air?
Or all the Charms that Learning cou'd impart
To native Eloquence, with ſoothing Art,
To charm the Frailty of a female Heart?
While rival Princeſſes aſpir'd in vain
To ſhare your Empire, or your Heart to gain,
While jealous *France* her utmoſt Efforts try'd
To buy your Friendſhip with a [a] royal Bride,
Cou'd any Arts my Innocence ſurprize?
For guarded Virtue ſees thro' other Eyes.

Let ev'n that jealous *France* my Deeds report;
A daring Challenge to a partial Court!
There paſs'd my early Years, and thence I claim
The Debt of Juſtice, to defend my Name,
Wou'd [b] two great Queens, by Virtue plac'd as high
In ſpotleſs Fame, as beauteous in the Eye,
Among their honourable Maids retain
Suſpected *Boleyn*, touch'd with guilty Stain,
Dear to their Breaſt, and foremoſt of their Train?

Where Virtue fails, what Arguments can move?
Can tend'reſt Proofs of undiſſembled Love?
Such as in Virgin Hearts from Nature ſpring,
Diſtinguiſhing the Lover from the King.
From Pow'r abſtracted to yourſelf be juſt;
Reflect again, and ſcorn the mean Diſtruſt.
'Tis true that never durſt my baſhful Eye,
Much leſs my humble Thoughts have ſoar'd ſo high;
I well concluded what Event muſt wait
On Love divided by unequal Fate:
When Paſſion is the blind Effect of Chance,
The ſlight Impreſſion of a tranſient Glance;
When Prudence, Int'reſt, and the potent Voice
Of Fame conſpire, and all reprove the Choice.
Whate're of fond, believing Maids I heard,
And Men inconſtant, for myſelf I fear'd:
Too well your Sex weak Woman knows to gain,
With fictious Vows, and a deluſive Strain;

'Till ev'n our Hearts your Artifices aid,
Or by Ambition, or by Love betray'd.
The Conqueſt won, away the Victor flies,
To ſeek Variety in other Eyes:
While the forſaken Fair beholds him part,
And pines with Anguiſh of a broken Heart.
Ev'n then, when flatt'ring Stars the Paſſion bleſs,
And *Hymenæals* crown the wiſh'd Succeſs,
Then ſtern Ambition points to other Views;
Or ſome ſucceeding Flame the paſt ſubdues,
And Man the Chace of Novelty purſues.
He looks abroad, and ſtruggles to be freed;
Diſguſts and Jealouſies, alas! ſucceed.
He wiſhes for the Hour that ſhall divide
The weary Husband from the ſuff'ring Bride;
Or elſe prevents it, by ſome uſeful Flaw,
Some lucky Turn of miſconſtructed Law.

Too well I gueſs'd what muſt at laſt enſue:
Too ſoon theſe direful Omens ſtruck my View,
When firſt, my Liege! I heard of Love and You.
But then my unſuſpected Soul aſſur'd
A nobler Mind my Happineſs ſecur'd:
That ſuch a Change in you no Place cou'd find;
Whom Nature had for Royalty deſign'd,
And pointed out the firſt of all Mankind.
To Crowns and Sceptres Fortune can advance;
But to deſerve them is no Work of Chance.
Rebels and Foes that Valour claims to awe,
That Wiſdom, Nations to receive its Law;
(I argued thus,) and he who can perſuade
The Learn'd and Wiſe, may well an harmleſs Maid:
That Princely Aſpect and ſuperior Mien,
Which ſpoke the Monarch, were with Wonder ſeen.
Witneſs my Heart from all Ambition free,
No Hope of Greatneſs ever conquer'd me!
But by your Love encourag'd, I aſpir'd:
How eaſy 'twas to like what all admir'd!

This

This Truth I now without a Bluſh may own,
That Love determin'd me, and Love alone,
To tempt the ſlipp'ry Grandeur of a Throne.

Let theſe Reflections touch my *Henry*'s Mind;
Said I my *Henry*? I the King deſign'd:
Forgive the erring Pen that yet dares write
The paſt Endearments Love would ſtill indite.
Husband and Lover now remain no more;
You riſe in all the Attributes of Pow'r:
And I, beneath my former Diſtance thruſt,
Can ſink no lower till I ſink in Duſt.
Tho' from your Throne and Boſom forc'd to part,
I bear your Image in my faithful Heart:
Your Royalty with Eaſe I can reſign;
But never can forget you once were mine.
Witneſs, ye cruel Tow'rs! how oft I call
The Name of *Henry* from the ecchoing Wall:
Witneſs the Glaſs! which with a dimmer Ray
Thro' interpoſing Grates admit the Day;
Where oft the Diamond, of your former Flame
The earlieſt Earneſt, traces *Henry*'s Name
And Witneſs Heav'n! if Heav'n deſcend near
The woeful Accents of the Captive's Pray'r;
Leſs for myſelf, tho' thus diſtreſs'd, I ſue,
Than that its Bleſſing all ſhou'd ſhow'r on you.
No! till I ſink into the ſilent Tomb,
If ſuch your Will, and my impendent Doom,
Shall unextinguiſh'd burn the ſacred Fires,
Which Virtue warrants, and which Love inſpires.
Tho' certain Death be mine, yet ev'n in Death
Shall pious Pray'rs employ my parting Breath,
That Heav'n may *Henry*'s Happineſs prolong,
High in Renown, and free from *Boleyn*'s Wrong.

Why does my Mind ſo ſad a Fate preſage!
Preventing Nature, Maladies, and Age!
When youthful Blood with lively Spirit warms,
And roſeate Health diffuſes all her Charms,

When ev'ry Object ſmiling, freſh and gay,
Adorns the Proſpect, to be ſnatch'd away!
To grow a ſtupid Maſs of mould'ring Clay!
Whither? Ah! whither muſt we then remove?
Where muſt the diſcontented Spirit rove?
From Pow'r, from Pleaſure, all that here below
Enchants our Senſes, all Mankind muſt go:
But whither? that to point our Reaſon errs;
And only humble Faith relieves our Fears.
How can my Thought the dire Reflection bear?
Yes! conſcious Virtue to my Aid is near:
She promiſes that guiltleſs Souls ſhall know
What laſting Bliſs celeſtial Seats beſtow;
What blooming Sweets the injur'd Name embalm,
And how the Martyr gains the Victor-Palm.

By her ſupported, I reſign my Fear:
But wounded Honour! ——'tis too much to bear!
Honour both Sexes have agreed the beſt,
The nobleſt Paſſion of a virtuous Breaſt:
To fighting Fields ſhe calls the Hero forth,
To prove his Valour, and atteſt his Worth;
By martial Toils the glorious Prize to buy,
With Honour conquer, or with Honour dye.
In Womankind ſhe wears a diff'rent Dreſs,
Frailty to guard, and Paſſion to ſuppreſs:
She forms the Manners with exacteſt Care;
Of each ambiguous Action, bids, beware!
And regulates the Motions of the Mind,
By her conducted, and to her reſign'd.
'Tis all, alas! that Woman has to boaſt:
And all that Woman has in her is loſt.
By wretched *Anne* how can the Load be born
Of private Cenſure, and of public Scorn?
And harder yet to bear, when diſapprov'd
By you, a Lover once, and ſtill belov'd.
Think then what Sorrow I muſt undergo;
Here Senſe of Virtue but augments the Woe:
For her, my Cheeks the glowing Bluſhes dye;
For her, whole Oceans gather in my Eye.

In vain the Paſſion ſtrives in Words to break;
The Cauſe too odious and too great to ſpeak:
If in Diſgrace my tragic Scene muſt end,
And I diſhonour'd to the Shades deſcend.
O! had I periſh'd but obſcure, unknown!
Far from the envy'd Splendors of a Crown!
Then had at once expir'd my Breath and Name;
As ſafe from Slander as remote from Fame.

But now, alas! while each ſucceeding Age
Shall of your Annals turn the ſhining Page,
To learn how [d] warlike *Scotland* felt your Arms,
And *England* triumph'd free from all Alarms,
How potent *France* your valu'd Friendſhip ſought,
And how [e] beneath your Standards, *Caſar* fought;
In [f] other Combats how far from *Rome* you gain'd
The glorious Stile for ſacred Faith maintain'd,
There ſtill muſt I be read; while Times to come
Renew my Suff'rings, and repeat my Doom:
As wayward Humor governs ev'ry Breaſt,
Judg'd by the Bad, ev'n doubted by the Beſt.
For, from the Malice of degen'rate Wit,
'Tis eaſier far to ſentence than acquit.
Where ſhall my queſtion'd Innocence appeal,
When [g] partial Spleen aſſumes the Mask of Zeal?
Hard Fate! for ever that I muſt engage
The various Inſults of injurious Rage:
My own misjudging Sex, who, loath to blame
Their own Defects, imagine mine the ſame;
Or Men who triumph in a proſtrate Fame.
And ſcarce among the Herd of Readers find
One pitying Tear, to ſpeak a gen'rous Mind.

Unhappy Beauty! of our Woes the Spring!
Of all our Vanities the vaineſt Thing!
Fondly by our unthinking Sex deſir'd;
The more endanger'd as the more admir'd!
But for a certain Fall to Greatneſs rais'd!
But lov'd for Change, and but for Cenſure prais'd!

Here my Reflections ceaſe; and turn no more
On what my Soul had propheſy'd before.

How miſerable is the Priſ'ner's State
Who lingers in the ſlow Suſpenſe of Fate!
Is there a greater Ill?——Yes! one remains;
The doubted Fame which foul Suſpicion ſtains.
To obviate this, undaunted I demand
That at the Bar of Juſtice I may ſtand:
Nor there, O King! your helpleſs Wife expoſe
To the fell Rage of her relentleſs Foes;
But let the World decide, on what were built
The baſe Surmiſes of objected Guilt.
Or I abſolv'd ſhall vindicate from Stain
Your Royal Infant and your glorious Reign,
Or ſink in Ruin, nor my Fame ſurvive:
'Twould then be Cruelty to bid me live.
Nor ſhall I then, to your Delight a Bar,
Retard the Influence of [h] a fairer Star:
I cou'd have pointed to the Name before,
But Love is timorous, and I forbore.
Yet [i] if Ambition urge, and publick Good
Beſt by the Monarch's Will be underſtood,
She too may Fall, whoſe now too potent Eyes
Enthral your Heart, herſelf your Sacrifice.
Unhappy ſhe, whoe're like me muſt prove
The dire Diſaſter of ſuperior Love!

One only Inſtance yet remains behind
To plead my Cauſe, and touch your royal Mind:
When in [k] our common Pledge yourſelf you view,
Believe me loyal then, believe me true.
Oft on your Knee has ſhe, with infant Play,
Amus'd your Soul, and chac'd your Cares away:
Then let the darling to your Thoughts recall,
That her Diſgrace attends her Mother's Fall.
How can you doubt me, when in her deſign'd
You ſee the ſtrongeſt Features of your Mind?
So juſt, ſo maſterly deſcrib'd they ſtand,
That Nature's Work ſurpaſſes *Holbein*'s Hand.

O!

O! may ſhe ſtill ſurvive! —— I ask no more!
Tho' Fancy augurs greater Things in Store,
To vindicate, tho' late, my injur'd Names
And emulate, perhaps, her Father's Fame.

If in your Boſom to Concluſion draws
My Fate determin'd, and prejudg'd my Cauſe,
Yet think, on one impartial Day ſhall come
The Judge and Priſ'ner to receive their Doom:
'Tis certain that my Innocence ſhall clear,
However runs the Voice of Rumor here.
Yet no revengeful Wiſh my Breaſt ſhall ſtain,
Nor from the Seats of Bliſs my Soul detain:
Be all the Authors of my Wrongs forgiv'n,
And you abſolv'd before the Throne of Heav'n!
Yet, if I ever to your Breaſt was dear,
Your dread Diſpleaſure let me ſingly bear:
'Tis but a poor Requeſt to fall alone,
For her whom Fortune tumbles from a Throne.

Ye[l] Angel Guardians! who the Throne defend,
And hov'ring Light in Air, unſeen attend;
If heav'nly Minds can hear a Mortal's Pray'r,
From threat'ning Danger guard your ſacred Care;
From foreign Wars, and from ſeditious Strife,
From dark Conſpiracy preſerve his Life.
Nor ever, ever let the faithleſs Wiles
Of [m] perjur'd Beauty dreſt in gaudy Smiles,
The Conflict of the Royal Breaſt renew;
And by the falſe One juſtify the True.
If ever *Boleyn* to Remembrance brought
Too late ſhou'd Pity gain, ſuppreſs the Thought:
Ev'n Pity I renounce, if it muſt bring
But an eaſy Moment to the King.

And whence, O ſad Reverſe of proſp'rous Fate!
Muſt theſe unhappy Lines receive their Date?
Not from fair *Greenwich'* ever-pleaſing Bow'rs;
Not from the painted Roof of [n] *Woolſey's* Tow'rs.

But

But from the ° *Gothic* Structures, whence on high,
Far, far Beneath I caſt my diſtant Eye,
And ſee your ſubject River rolling by.
Alas! how diff'rent from the ſhining Court
Is this Abode? debarr'd of all Reſort?
A Band of Goalers, not a Guard of State,
With ſurly Aſpect here obſerves the Gate:
Where in its Fall the maſſive Barrier clangs,
And threat'ning Ruin the *Portcullis* hangs.
Here ſcarce the checquer'd Grates permit to paſs
Eternal Twilight thro' the darkned Glaſs:
While that imperfect Day that ſteals between
But heightens, not relieves the gloomy Scene.

Amid that gloomy Scene behold me ſpread;
See! on my Arm ſuſtain'd my languid Head:
See! now with guſhing Tears my Eyes o'reflow,
Now roll the waſted Orbs in penſive Woe;
Now rais'd to Heav'n, from thence demand Reliefs
Now on the Ground are fix'd in ſtupid Grief.
See! on my Cheek the with'ring Roſes dye;
See! now a riſing Bluſh their Place ſupply!
See! how my Hands my ſcatter'd Hairs have torn!
See! how with heaving Sighs my Breaſt is worn!
This Image may perhaps your Pity move:
'Tis now no Object to revive your Love.
How ſlowly wears the melancholy Day!
No friendly Talk to paſs the Hours away!
No ſage Diſcourſe to fortify my Heart!
No ſoft aſſuaſives to appeaſe its Smart!
At leaſt an Interval from Thought to win!
All comfortleſs!——but only from within!
Such is my Day; but when the Night ſucceeds,
What Horror Solitude in Darkneſs breeds!
Still, vacant Hours, whoſe ſolemn, ſad Return
Invites the wakeful Soul to muſe and mourn!
What tedious, woeful Vigils then I keep!
Or if my weary Eyes ſubmit to ſleep,
Soon ſtart aghaſt, with ſhrill-reſounding Screams,
From all the Terrors of preſaging Dreams:

Nor ſo reliev'd, the Terrors all remain,
Trac'd in too lively Colours on my Brain;
And imag'd ſtronger than they were before,
All ſeems a Viſion now, a Dream no more.
The dire Idea by Reflection frights:
Now murther'd Innocents and royal Sprights
Glancing all pale, before my Curtains glare,
Grizzly with gaping Wounds and upſtart Hair;
Or Forms of Fancy, or embody'd Air.
Now to my boding Fears the Spectres tell,
How pious [p] *Henry*, how young [q] *Edward* fell:
Come then! or calls a Voice, or ſeems to call
Increaſe the Number deſtin'd here to fall!

Here too my poor Remains muſt reſt unknown,
No Name inſcrib'd, no monumental Stone;
No weeping Servant muſt my Hearſe attend,
No pious Kinſman, no afflicted Friend.
They fly me all! how barb'rous! how ingrate!
All but [r] the faithful Few who ſhare my Fate!
Deterr'd by their Example, who ſhall dare
Compoſe my lifeleſs Limbs with decent Care?
Who from polluting Gore my Body lave?
Or lay me peaceful in an humble Grave?
Who then ſhall interdicted Pity ſhow?
Permit a Sigh to breath, a Tear to flow?
Or whiſp'ring ſoft, my mounting Spirit aid?
Light lye the Earth, and reſt the gentle Shade!
Such [s] fun'ral Rites alone muſt I receive
As Enmity confers, or Chance can give.

Pity, the meaneſt Boon a Queen can claim,
Is due at leaſt to *Boleyn's* once lov'd Name:
That Name had yet my nobleſt Boaſt remain'd,
Had not your Will another Fate ordain'd.
But you advanc'd me to an higher Sphere,
And *Pembroke* glitter'd with the Brighteſt there;
With more conſpicuous Luſtre next I ſhone,
Declar'd the Partner of your Heart and Throne:
Earth [t] has no more to give,——but you ſupply
Her Poverty, and lift me to the Sky;

Thither

Thither, where *Amaranths* eternal grow,
To wreath the Chaplet for the Martyr's Brow.

The Hint of this Epiſtle was taken from the laſt Letter of this unfortunate Princeſs to King Henry, *ſtill preſerved in the* Cotton *Library, and printed in one of the* Spectators; *in which we have a laſting Monument of the Quickneſs of her Underſtanding, and the Greatneſs of her Spirit: To her Wit and engaging Behaviour ſhe ow'd her Advancement; her Ruin partly to the King's Inconſtancy, and partly to Reaſon of State, which required a more indiſputed Succeſſion than cou'd be had from a Marriage not acknowledg'd by Foreign Princes. Tho' it cannot be deny'd that her immoderate Fondneſs for being admir'd, the uſual Reſults of a* French *Education, as well as the implacable Malice of a Party who apprehended her Favour to the Reformation, contributed to her Fall: I ſhall not enter into her general Character, tho' no Writer ſeems to have treated it with Impartiality, except my Lord* Herbert. *But as I have given this Letter entirely a poetical Caſt, it may not be improper to explain ſome Parts of the Hiſtory alluded to in it.*

[a] *A Royal Bride.*] *Margaret*, Ducheſs of *Alençon*, afterwards Queen of *Navarre*, Siſter to *Fran.* I. famous for her Wit and Patronage of Learning.

[b] *Two great Queens.*] *Mary*, Siſter to King *Henry*, firſt married to *Lewis* XII. of *France*, afterward to *Charles Brandon*, Duke of *Suffolk*, and the Conſort of *Francis* I.

[c] *He who can perſuade the Learn'd and Wiſe.*] *Henry* VIII. was both a learned and accompliſh'd Prince; and, as my Lord *Herbert* relates, one of the handſomeſt Men of his Time, when he married *Jane Seymour*.

[d] *How warlike* Scotland *felt your Arms.*] The Defeat of *James* IV.

[e] *Beneath your Standards* Cæſar *fought*] The Emperor *Maximilian* I.

[f] In

[f] *In other Combats how from* Rome.] The Stile of Defender of the Faith, conferr'd on this King and his Succeſſors by the *Pope*, for writing againſt *Luther*.

[g] *Partial Spleen aſſumes the Maſk of Zeal.*] The *Popiſh* Clergy, whoſe bitter Malice to this Queen appears from the ſcurrilous and improbable Reflections of *Sanders* the Jeſuit: For 'tis not very likely that a Woman of a public bad Character, and withal ſo indifferent a Perſon as he repreſents her, cou'd captivate a Prince, who did not need to be at a Loſs for a Wife at that Time.

[h] *A fairer Star.*] *Jane Seymour.*

[i] *Yet if Ambition urge.*] I have not ſcrupled, by the prophetic Spirit which Poeſy allows to dying Perſons, to allude to the current Opinion, that King *Henry* ſacrific'd this Queen likewiſe, tho' in a different Manner, to the Security of the Succeſſion: Tho' the beſt of our Hiſtorians contradict it, and clear King *Henry* in this Particular.

[k] *Our common Pledge.*] Queen *Elizabeth.*

[l] *Ye Angel Guardians.*] *Anne Boleyn* ends her Letter with a Recommendation of the King to Heaven, too ſolemn to be introduc'd into this ſort of Poetry.

[m] *Perjur'd Beauty.*] A Preſage hinting at the Infidelities of *Catherine Howard.*

[n] Woolſey's *Tow'rs.*] *Whitehall.*

[o] Gothic *Structures.*] The Lieutenant's Houſe in the Tower.

[p] *Pious* Henry.] *Henry* VI.

[q] *Young* Edward.] *Edward* V.

[r] *The faithful Few.*] Her Brother the Lord *Rochford*, *Henry Norris*, Eſq; and others who ſuffered on her Account.

[s] Hiſtorians

Historians have inform'd us that this unfortunate Lady was inter'd without even the Regards of common Decency: They tell us that not so much as a Coffin was provided for her; for want of which her Body was put into an Arrow-Chest, and bury'd in the Tower-Chapel before the high Altar. Where the high Altar stood, a Person the best skill'd in the Antiquities of the Place was not able to inform me; but 'tis conjectured by an Accident that happened a few Years since, that she was not bury'd in the Chapel: For in a Cellar adjoining thereto were found, in such a Chest as Writers mention, not very deeply covered with Earth, the Bones of a human Body of a small Stature, the Scull only wanting. These Bones, after being view'd by several Persons, were by all concluded to be the Remains of *Anne Boleyn*, and soon after again covered in the same Place.

[1] Alluding to her last Words: That the King of a private Gentlewoman had made her a Marchioness, of a Marchioness a Queen, and since he could prefer her no higher on Earth, of a Queen would make her a Saint in Heaven.

FINIS.